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Outdoor America

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DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

VOLUME 2 FEBRUARY, 1924 NUMBER 7

THE ALBINO BUCK
By BEN EAST

ZANE GREY

THE LOST LEGEND
By DONALD HOUGH

HENRY B. WARD
STATE UNIVERSITY

Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

Outdoor America

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A Talk With Dr. Henshall

Dr. Henshall has spent sixty years making fishing better for fishermen.

By MARGUERITE IVES

ONLY the outdoors, outdoor activities and outdoor interests and outdoor affections could have produced so true a son of Mother Nature, resembling her in that most charming of all her attributes, the art of growing old gracefully, as Dr. James A. Henshall, at the age of 88.

In looks he resembles identically his photographs of 40 years ago, and I believe in his heart he's not a day over 20. His mind could never have been more alert and active, and he has a positive genius for quiet, humorous story telling.

"How long have you been interested in fish and fishing?" I asked him. His amused reply was, "About 85 years, as near as I can remember. When I was a young practitioner in Kentucky years ago, I used to make long trips through the country to attend my patients, and passing small ponds and streams on the way, I often stopped to fish a while."

Dr. James A. Henshall

And here at the picture called up of the lovely Kentucky countryside and the enthralled young fisherman and the patient horse nibbling grass along the bank, one thinks of Stevenson's contention that "an angler is a very important piece of river scenery."

"I always had a few flies in my pocket," mused the Doctor, "and I had a long slim buggy whip of bamboo with an extraordinarily long 'cracker' which made a very satisfactory fly rod on the narrow streams and one with the added advantage of later resuming its discreet and workmanlike rôle in the whip socket!" Though fishing is his favorite sport, Dr. Henshall is not interested in this sport alone, but he talked with very evident enjoyment comparing various forms of outdoor sports.

Gold medal awarded Dr. Henshall for Angling Literature at the St. Louis Exposition.

"The big game hunter with the urge and inherited instinct of his forebear, the cave man, sallies forth clad, not in skins, but in warm and comfortable clothing, and armed, not with stone axe, but with the latest model in high power rifles; and not to beard his quarry in its den, but in the open, with a spirit of true sportsmanship. And should success crown his efforts he is happy and well-contented with himself, with a feeling akin to that of the Spartan warrior returning from the fray with chariot wheels decked with laurel.

"The lover of dog and gun hies to the upland, covert or marsh, also with the thrill of conquest tingling in his veins, and manifests the utmost pleasure and delight in watching and admiring the working of his well-trained canine companions; and at the expectant and inspiriting sound of whirring wings his faithful weapon leaps to his shoulder as by intuition, and as the bird drops and a few feathers are wafted down-wind, he realizes with profound satisfaction the possession of a practiced eye, the finger of faith and an unerring aim, and pats himself on the back, as it were, at his cleverness, skill and good sportsmanship. This is joy, indeed, and to his mind, none better.

"The yachtsman enjoys the thrill of the rudder as transmitted to the spoked wheel which responds to his lightest touch, as his white-winged craft walks the water like a thing of life, and as he inhales with delight the pungent tang of the salt sea air as it whistles through the stays and braces, he merrily sings, 'O, a sailor's life for me.'

"The canoeist leisurely and listlessly paddles his frail bark along the stream in the shade of umbraceous trees, his ears atune to the sweet piping of the song sparrow, or with the blade of his paddle deep set as he guides his cockle-shell through the mazes and devious turns of the rapids—what more exciting, fascinating and exhilarating?

Silver medal awarded Dr. Henshall for Angling Literature at the Paris Exposition.

"But the angler wading the rocky stream as it glints and glimmers responsive to the rays of the bright morning sun as they are filtered through the quivering leaves of overhanging trees, with an eager eye on his gray hackle as it trembles on the surface of the foam-flecked water, and in fond anticipation that it may be seized at the very next cast by a black bass in bronze and green or a trout in crimson and gold is to be envied. And, though watching intently like an osprey on its perch, he is keenly alive to every passing shadow, to the voices of the stream, subconsciously he is musing and meditating in a manner that justifies Walton in calling angling the 'Contemplative Man's Recreation.' But, presto! in the twinkling of an eye the scene is changed, the fly is seized and the rod is bending and twisting and the line is cutting like mad, in straight

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Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

ened, and the sun shone through diffused high fog. The water was like a vast heaving opal, absolutely without ripple. I said: "If there are any broadbills we will see some." And right after that I sighted my first. We worked him. Then I saw my second. We left the first to go to the other, and he would not stay up for us. While waiting for him to come up I sighted my third—a goodly distance off, big fin out, moving so majestically. We ran for him, and on our first approach everything went fine, and we had him hooked.

He began to run off fast and deep. And he made the reel whizz. I took off the drag, and then the line flew. I hoped he would stop. He was sounding deep, and that means a swordfish cannot or does not stay long deeper than 400 or 500 feet. The pressure must be tremendous. R. C., Sid and Thad stood by, watching the line slip off and they looked dubious.

When he had taken 1000 feet R. C. said: "If he goes much farther it's goodnight!" I saw the line straightening out somewhat back of the boat, and I told Sid to throw in the clutch. That, and the fact that the swordfish slowed up, saved the remainder of my line. I began to reel in a few feet every pump. Then, as the boat gathered momentum, I reeled in faster, and soon began to recover a good bit of line. I breathed freer. I mean I **breathed**, for before that I was breathless! In a few minutes more I had recovered all but a couple hundred feet, and felt safe for the moment.

I then set down to hard work on him. With a powerful drag I hauled away when he slowed up, and when he plunged or sounded I let off my strain. He came near the surface once. Mostly his action was deep, heavy, and slow. He did not make any more long fast runs. We had to follow where he led us, and thus we worked in shore several miles. After the first hour R. C. said: "Well, he must be hooked good, for you sure handed it to him!" I began myself to feel that I had the hook in for keeps, and I increased the drag and also my efforts.

Somewhere round the end of the second hour I was growing hot, wet, and tired. So I rested, while the fish slowly took line off the reel.

After I had put on the harness, and got my wind back, and the ache out of my hands, I began on him again. Slow and strong I worked him up. He would run off the line 50 or 100 feet. Then I'd haul him back. All the time, of course, Thad or Sid ran the boat to help me recover line, as much as possible. He was what we call a plugger. Three times I got the double line over the reel, and on the last I felt I could almost hold him. That woke me to renewed efforts. After this time I kept him close to the boat, and many times got the double line back on the reel.

R. C., Thad and Sid indulged in all kind of foolish happy talk—speculation as to his weight—how soon we could fly the flag—what the crowd would say, for all the world like three boy fishers. But it pleased me, though I reprimanded them. "We haven't got this bird yet!" I concluded. Still I could not kill their loquacious optimism.

A remarkable feature of this fight was that R. C. sighted 5 more broadbills near us, and two that jumped. We had swordfish round us for two whole hours. It was wonderful, inspiring. "Finest day for swordfish this whole year!" I sweat and I ached, and I doubted, and fought off hope, but all the same I was happy and thrilled.

The perfect weather, the big fish on my line, the sense of long hard patience rewarded, the openness and loneliness and beauty of the sea,—these made the time fly, and pangs were nothing.

Another fishing boat ran up on us toward the end of the fight, and watched us through glasses. After a long time the anglers in it became aware of swordfish around, and they evidently tried to get a bite. The last we saw of them was when they were endeavoring to fly a kite over a swordfish. I hoped they would hook one, but I knew the chances were one thousand to one that they could do it in such manner.

The slow and slower resistance of this swordfish inspired me to a final spurt. I went at him again, not fast, but steadily and as powerfully as I could, hoping to draw him near the boat before I gave out. I would pump, reel, and then shut down on the line with both thumbs. Sometimes the line slipped under them, but for the most part I held him.

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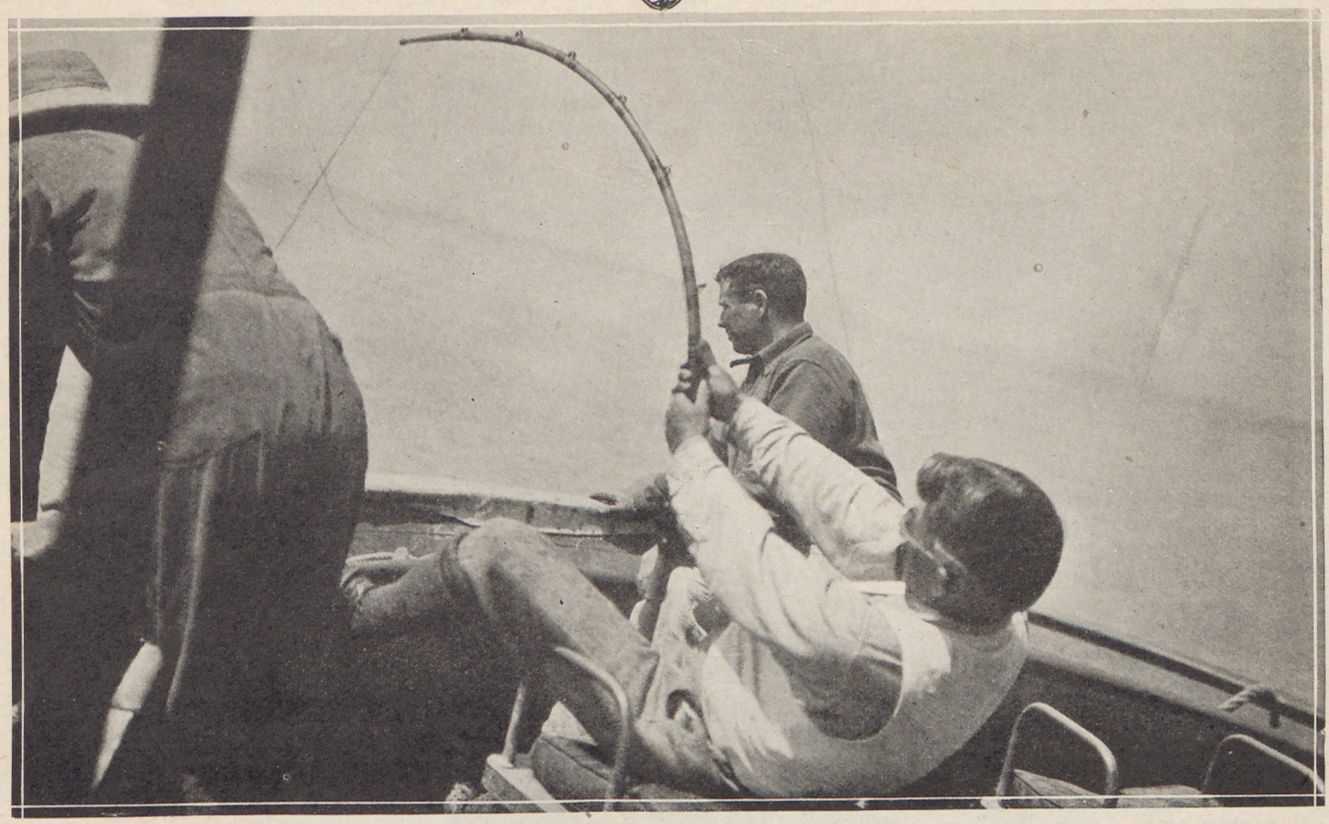
Weighing Zane Grey's 360 pound swordfish at Avalon.

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.



Zane Grey working with heavy tackle.

Heavy Tackle *for* Heavy Fish

By ZANE GREY

AFTER years of trial and experience I have come to the conclusion that the standard 24 thread line is not heavy enough for broadbill swordfish, not to mention big tuna. What a familiar story—the hooking of a broadbill and wearing out of the line! I have recorded hundreds of cases in my notebooks. The Medway Club of Nova Scotia, and other eastern fishing clubs, allow 39 thread lines for heavy fish. Summer after summer R. C. and I kept on breaking 24 thread lines on swordfish. Last season, 1923, we decided to use tackle which we were convinced was more sportsmanlike for the angler and fairer to the swordfish.

I had made for me the famous Coxe reel, much larger than the 9 o, and it cost fifteen hundred dollars. I had special lines made, 39 thread, four hundred yards long. These were to be used on broadbills alone. For tuna we used the regular Coxe 9 o reels, and specially made 24 thread lines, with a breaking strain of eighty-five pounds when wet. We tried a 39 thread line on tuna, but found that its use was impractical, because the line when wet was too heavy for the kite. We frankly exhibited this tackle to boatmen and anglers alike. Most of the boatmen, at least, appeared favorably impressed, and wished they had something of the same kind to use.

On June first we started out in the **Gladiator,** fresh, eager, determined, with as many thrills as if it was our first venture for big game of the sea. For ninety odd days the **Gladiator** went out, missing only one day—the Fourth of July. What that means only few anglers can appreciate. As a reward we had the greatest fishing experience of our lives—and one never equalled by any other anglers.

We caught forty tuna, most of which were over one hundred pounds. R. C. had the largest of the season at Avalon—one hundred forty-six and a half pounds, also one of one hundred forty. On June twenty-ninth we took six large tuna 110, 114, 115, 118, 118, 130 pounds. All these tuna, the most of which R. C. caught, were taken on the Coxe reels, and the special 24 thread lines. R. C. broke one line and I broke a leader.

That very day most of the boatmen reported breaking lines on tuna. Tad Gray lost three, and according to Boerstler's report another boatman broke off six. I saw Smith Warren hook a number of tuna from the schools we were working. That night he did not bring in a fish. I said to him: "Where's your fish? Every time I looked at your boat you were hooked on." He threw up his hands in disgust, and that meant nothing but broken lines. These boatmen all had anglers using an inferior grade of 24 thread lines, with breaking strain limited by club rules to sixty pounds. These lines cost from eight to twelve dollars, according to length. Mine were five hundred yards long and cost thirty dollars each.

A tuna breaking off with big hook in throat or mouth, dragging leader and line, will not live long. Huge sharks follow the schools of tuna. Once these monsters scent blood they are veritable tigers of the deep. So that June twenty-ninth there must have been at least a ton of tuna meat gone to the maws of the sharks. To break off tuna after tuna on inadequate lines is hardly a sportsmanlike procedure. Even if it were, the interest of conservation should prohibit an angler from doing it.

We used our great Coxe reel and the wonderful 39 thread lines on broadbill swordfish. We had an exceedingly thrilling and memorable experience, which I shall write of fully at another time.

R. C. caught his first broadbill, for which he had been laboring for five years—a four hundred pound swordfish, taken in four hours twenty minutes, after a spectacular fight. How he did pull on that big fish! I was afraid he might break the Murphy hickory rod, but not the

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

reel or line. He said afterward that he had never had such a feeling of security as this tackle gave him.

On August twenty-first I caught a broadbill, two hundred sixty-two pounds, in four and one half hours. The next day I caught another, two hundred ninety-eight pounds, in two hours and a quarter. And on August thirty-first I took my third broadbill of the season, three hundred sixty pounds, in two hours and forty minutes.

That ended our broadbill season. We had sighted one hundred and forty swordfish, worked ninety-four—and by worked I mean we got a bait in front of that number—we had eleven strikes—hooked seven fish; and caught four. I think feeding bait from high seat on deck got most of these strikes. We kept the line out of water.

On September first, which was our last day, we devoted to trying for a Marlin swordfish. And R. C. had the staggering good fortune to add to his already wonderful list of Marlin. He caught a three hundred and twenty-four pound fish—one hour and forty-five minutes. He has now five great Marlin to his credit—300-304-328-354-324. There is no other angler who has caught more than one three hundred pound fish and indeed few who have caught one. R. C.'s three hundred and fifty-four pound Marlin was the largest ever recorded.

To fight such monsters as these with inadequate lines is hardly a sportsmanlike procedure.

His three hundred and twenty-four pound Marlin was a most beautiful specimen. Upwards of ten thousand visitors to Avalon, a holiday crowd, went out on the dock to look at this fish. To see them, and hear a few of their comments, was something to remember.

Before we left Avalon several boatmen asked me for one of the 39 thread lines. Then, the last day, Harry Adams called upon me, and amazed me by wanting to buy one of my 39 thread lines. Adams is conceded by every one in the Tuna Club to be the greatest angler since Boschen died.

Adams told me of two fights he had recently had with broadbills, the second of which lasted seven hours and fifteen minutes. Both swordfish wore out the 24 thread lines and broke away.

"It makes me sick to go out there, hook a big fish and lose him because my line wears out," said Adams to me. "I'm not going to do it any longer. These 24 thread lines are not strong enough for swordfish over three hundred pounds. I think you are years ahead of all of us. Now I want you to sell me one of your 39 thread lines. I'll use it, and when I catch a broadbill I will call a meeting of the directors of the Tuna Club, and tell them flatly that you are right and they are wrong. If they want to make a new rule fair to anglers and to the broadbill, well and good. But I'm going to use a 39 thread anyhow."

I presented Adams with one of my new 39 lines and I surely hoped he would catch a five hundred pounder on it. This statement of his made a singularly happy climax to our wonderful fishing season. Adams is a great angler, and what is more a fine, stalwart, splendid type of westerner, a man whose integrity would never be questioned by anyone. He was upholding my judgment at a critical time, and what he said is absolutely what I anticipated. In time all broadbill anglers will conform to this heavier tackle.

"TREES"
by
ZANE GREY
in the March issue

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

Pollution

Concerning the Protection of Fish, Fish Food and Inland Waters

Edited by DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL

Most Famed of Americans on This Subject
Cartoon by Everett E. Lowry

The Most Important Problem the I. W. L. A. Will Have to Solve

MY Dear Dr. Henshall:
Having a few idle moments before boarding a train at the Union Station, Dayton, Ohio, I purchased for the first time "Outdoor America." Was very much elated over the fact that you are conducting a campaign against the pollution of waterways. Was particularly interested because it hit me in somewhat of a direct way.

My home is in Elmira, N. Y., which is located on the Chemung river. Up to a few years ago this stream was alive with bass, pike, pickerel, chub, and they are not all gone yet, but will be if a tannery located at Elklank, Pa., does not stop emptying their tanning solutions into this stream.

I am told it is the "United States Tanning and Leather Co.," located at the above mentioned city. I am also advised that bark is not used for tanning any more but an acid preparation is used in its stead.

I am on the road most of the time, but every summer manage to get a few weeks at a cottage located on the Chemung. One day when I jumped in the boat to try my luck for bass, I noticed the river was a peculiar color, a deep reddish tint. Could not imagine what it was. Several days later I saw an article in the Elmira Star Gazette saying this tannery was the cause of it and quoting one man as saying he had seen seven dead fish from a bridge. The following day I went back to the cottage and was casting a riffs for chub and bass, when, to my surprise, I also saw some dead fish. Four suckers, two bass about eleven inches long and one pickerel about ten inches.

The next trip to town I got in touch with Mr. Rutan, who is the head of the "Chemung Co. Game and Fish Prot. Assn." He also runs a sporting goods store on N. Main St. I talked to him about what I had seen and he advised me that the pollution had been going on for some time and they, the association, had written innumerable letters to Albany, the state capital, and the Conservation Commission, signed by several hundred members, with absolutely no results.

Here is what they claim is the hitch. The tannery is located in Pennsylvania and when they drain their tanks they empty into a small creek. I cannot remember its name. This creek empties into the Chemung river which passes through part of New York State. Those who have worked to stop this pollution say it brings up some sort of an interstate proposition which is almost impossible to get at. They claim that if the tannery was located in New York State they could stop it immediately.

This tannery is about thirty miles from where I camp and the river where I locate in the summer gets in terrible shape. What can it be near its source? There are probably seventy-five or a hundred miles of what once was a beautiful stream to fish becoming absolutely ruined by one concern. The rotten polluted water is what the farmers are compelled to allow their cattle to drink. And aside from the killing of the fish such fearful pollution of our streams should be stopped because bathing in the river will be dangerous to the public health. If water is not fit to bathe in, how can cattle drink it, how can fish live in it and what good would fish be to eat that did survive it?

I am also told that this condition was taken up through the health department with no results.

Sincerely,

A. F. RACHELL.

A NEW EXPERIMENT

(Reprint from **Cincinnati Times-Star**, Oct. 15, 1923.)

THE possibilities of sewer purification as a supplement if not a substitute for water purification through filtration, will be the purpose of an experiment to be worked out in Cincinnati at the U. S. Public Health Service Laboratory, that occupies the site of the old marine hospital at Third and Kilgour streets, it was learned Monday in a dispatch from Washington. It is said Dr. Wade H. Frost, surgeon in the U. S. A., will be in Cincinnati soon to install the plant and apparatus.

The plan is to build at Third and Kilgour streets a miniature filter plant. It will have a settling basin and filter beds just like a regular plant. Water will be taken out of the river and subjected to sewerage contamination to various degrees of saturation so as to determine the point of maximum load that a filter plant can carry, that is, what is the limit to which it can be relied upon to eliminate water pollution. For some time the Government has conducted tests and investigation of Ohio river water, but this is quite aside from what it is proposed to do.

The object is said to be to demonstrate that objectional matter can be kept out of the river more readily than it can be removed once it is in. A big part of this task would be the purification of sewerage. As this would involve not merely two municipalities but a number of states obviously no authority other than the Federal Government would be adequate to deal with it. Since the Federal Government has jurisdiction over the Ohio river there will be, it is said, no constitutional or legal hindrance to Washington conducting the policing of the river.

Cities up the river would be visited by a Federal official and told they are contaminating the river water, and that it is not fair that Cincinnati in its filter plant should bear the burden of removing from the water what

Information Wanted

IN order to keep our readers informed as to what is being done to check or mitigate the evil of stream pollution, or what progress is being made in that direction in the various states to accomplish that result, we would be very pleased to hear from any or all persons who are interested in the matter, in any section of the Union.

We earnestly desire to know what is being done by individuals, Conservation Societies or Game and Fish Protective Associations, and what progress is being made, whether favorable or otherwise, especially in inland waters. Good results have been made in some localities, and favorable progress is promised in other quarters; but we especially wish to know about the localities where but little or nothing has been accomplished, and the reason why. Please don't pass this up with the flattering unction that some other conservationist will reply, but do it yourself, then it will be well done, and done quickly, and receive our grateful thanks and cordial obligations.

J. A. HENSHALL.

these cities put into it. And to come closer home, villages that are contaminating creeks, Duck creek, for instance, and indirectly the Ohio river water, would be made to purify their sewage. Cincinnati, in turn, to save Louisville and other down-river places the task of removing its sewage, would be required to purify it before emptying it into the river.

Officials at the court-house and the city hall said recently they have known for some time of the interest the United States Government was taking in the matter of bettering the Ohio river water. They said they had not heard of details but that some action was contemplated to prevent contamination of the water by enforcing sewerage purification.

A BISHOP ON RIVER POLLUTION

(Reprint from **London Fishing Gazette**, Nov. 17, 1923.)

WE hear a good deal from our religious leaders about the pollution of the soul, but rarely do they tell us anything about the pollution of the environment in which we are compelled to live. Yet the connection between the two is very evident. If our cities were cleaner the souls of those that dwell in them would be cleaner. This truism is recognized by Bishop Welldon, who from the pulpit of Durham Cathedral yesterday called attention to the "stained, polluted and defiled" condition of the River Wear. No sooner, he said, was sewage shut out from the stream than the poisonous by-products of industry began to flow into it. As a consequence, fish died in thousands, cattle were poisoned by the water which they drank, and land was stripped of grass and flowers by "the corroding effluents of industries from which rich men are drawing new riches."

The Wear is no exception. All rivers flowing through industrial areas are similarly "stained, polluted and defiled." In many instances the pollution is due both to sewage and industrial by-products. For, contrary to popular conception, modern methods of treatment merely render sewage effluent unsightly, but do not remove its poisonous qualities. Many shellfish beds up and down the country have been closed on account of pollution, and freshwater fisheries have suffered incalculable injury. A fact not generally realized is that were our rivers to be reasonably clean and well organized we could have a more abundant supply of native salmon than any other country in Europe. It could, moreover, be sold at a price sufficiently cheap to cause it to be a common article of diet on the British table.

There is another side to this question of pollution. Surely, the community as a whole is entitled to enjoy its God-given rivers. Nature designed them to be highways of recreation and sources of fresh air. Bishop Welldon is right therefore when he classifies the men who pollute them for their own gain with the owners of slums. No one suggests that industries should be prevented from making use of them. But there is no reason why this should be done in such a manner as to destroy both life and beauty.—Daily Chronicle.

(Reprint from **Dearborn Independent**, Nov. 3, 1923.)

THE pollution of our inland and seacoast waters is steadily increasing. Hundreds of dead bluefish and other species have been found floating in large fields of oil and tar pollution between New York and New Jersey. An embargo has been issued on soft-shell clams coming from the Sandy Hook section because of dangerous impurities that might be taken into the human system from these polluted clams. The Great Lakes are being polluted. Shores on the west coast of Florida are poisoned from discharges from phosphate mines. This stealthy poison is no respecter of persons, class or rank. Polluted seafood may reach the dining table of the bank president as well as the dinner-pail of the ditch digger.

POLLUTION IN NEW ENGLAND

ON the Piscataguay River in Northweare, N. H., manufacturers, wood workers, and "turning" mills are dumping **saw**dust, planings, turnings and waste ends from lathes into the river and are damaging the former good trout fishing below there.

This stream is fed by storage reservoirs and several large ponds, and maintains a large even flow of water the year 'round. Flowing into it are numerous large and small brooks, spring fed, from the hills. All are excellent breeding streams of clear, cold water, and well stocked with the "old fashioned" white fleshed mountain brook trout. The water of the upper five or six miles is cold, due to the fact that it all comes through a large outlet pipe 20 to 30 feet below the surface of a large reservoir so cold, in fact, that shiners are not found for about six to eight miles down stream where the water has warmed up a bit.

In winter this stream does not freeze much, even in the bitter cold weather which they have there, due to the fact of its coming from the bottom of the reservoir where temperature is above freezing, which, with the rapidity of the current, prevents much freezing until it gets cooled off several miles below.

It is a perfectly wonderful stream for trout, or was, and should be again if the pollution could be abated.

FRANK T. WOODBURY, M. D.,
Wakefield, Mass.

DEAR Outdoor America: I am a subscriber to your splendid magazine, and enjoy it hugely. Have just finished reading your article on stream pollution in

"Go Thou and Do Likewise"

LAST month in this department we ran a box telling of the campaign being conducted by the Izaak Walton Chapters along the Cedar River. I feel this is so important and practical an object lesson for other communities to follow that I want to again emphasize the matter.

We have Chapters at Cedar Rapids, Cedar Falls, Waterloo and Osage, the four principal cities along the poetically beautiful Cedar River and the chief cause of the rivers being so badly polluted. This beautiful little river contains many black bass of ten inches in size but they have been fighting poison from their birth and if this were not true they would weigh from two and one-half to three pounds.

The Chapters in these cities are now waging an active campaign which will result in each city government passing a bond issue to take care of the city's sewage and in a little while the Cedar River will run as clean and clear as it did when the first pioneer looked down upon it.

This in my judgment is the most advanced step made in one hundred years along practical anti-pollution lines and it will not only offer an object lesson to the state of Iowa but to the whole nation. Already the news of our Chapters' drive along the Cedar River has reached Illinois and since the League has Chapters along the wonderful Rock River, stretching from Janesville, Wis., to Rockford, Ill., the Chapters along that river have also adopted the Cedar River Chapters' methods and there can be no doubt that public opinion will support them and the Rock River will again run crystal clear.

What better evidence does any sportsman want that the National Organization methods of the I. W. L. A. are the winning methods?

WILL H. DILG,
Pres. I. W. L. A.

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

Pennsylvania, it takes me back to my childhood, which was spent on the banks of the Historic Illinois and Fox rivers, and today, as I stood on the bridge which spans the once beautiful Illinois, I wonder if I am in a dream, or is the rotten, filthy, greasy, offensive smelling mass of pollution which is surging under me a reality. And I think of the old swimming hole above the Sanicula spring, where the water was so clear you could see fish six feet under the surface, and think of the big wall-eyed pike, and the black bass we caught at the Big Bass rocks, less than a mile above Ottawa, and I clinch my fists and say (DAMN), why has this outrage been allowed to be perpetrated upon us! Not a fish in the grand old Illinois, not even a carp; the river that forty years ago was one of the finest fishing streams in the United States today smells to high Heaven, a sewer of reeking filth, that Chicago might have an outlet for her refuse. Just last summer, a fine boy, 12 years old, died from blood poisoning from going in swimming in its waters, another fellow was thrown from a motor boat, his leg was broken, and the bone thrust through the flesh, and he died in our hospital from tetanus. Not only is Chicago responsible for this condition, but every city along the river dump their sewage and the refuse from their factories into the river, and one can but exclaim, "HOW LONG, O LORD, HOW LONG."

C. W. HAWLEY,
Ottawa, Ill.

VOTES UPON THE WATER

DEMONSTRATION OF CORNELL RESEARCH EXPERT

CHEMISTS and industrial engineers from all parts of the country, public health officials from Washington, New York and New Jersey, and representatives of the paper and silk industries gathered at the laboratory of the Seydel Manufacturing Company, Jersey City, yesterday to witness a demonstration of a collodial coagulant, discovered by H. M. Spencer, research chemist of Cornell University and chemist to the Seydel Company, which he has named "Coagol" and which will, it is contended, revolutionize the treatment of waste waters from the industries and methods of purifying potable waters. In coagol is said to lie the solution of the problem of ocean water pollution from oil-burning and oil-carrying steamers which has ruined the pleasure beaches of the world's greatest resorts and has damaged the oyster industry in this and other countries. Congress has called for an international conference to deal with the question which has baffled the Government engineers and health authorities.

Lewis B. Miller, associate chemist of the United States Hygienic Laboratory at Washington; E. V. Culberson, steamship operator; W. H. Mencke, the engineer of the Standard Oil Company, in whose hands has been placed the problem of eliminating oily waste from the bilge waters of tankers to prevent harbor pollution; Harry P. Croft, sanitary engineer, and J. E. Bacon, from the New Jersey State Department of Health; D. M. Neuberger, President of the Anti-Pollution League; Charles E. Wheeler of Stratford, Conn., President of the Oyster Growers' Association; Captain Fremont, Superintendent of New York Harbor, and W. F. Gibbs were on hand to study the seacoast problem. The entire series of experiments held the attention of the Federal and State health officials as affecting waterways.

Watch Experiments with Waste

Walter M. Scott and E. M. Shelton, representing Cheney Brothers of South Manchester, Conn.; F. L. Prior of the National Silk Dyeing Company of Paterson; A. Gerr of the editorial staff of the National Silk Journal; A. A. Cook of the United States Testing Laboratory of the Silk Association of America; Dr. E. Shroeder of the Standard Testing Laboratories; Messrs. Bullard, Holbrook and Powell of the West Side Improvement Association of Rutherford; Mr. Currens of the Passaic Consolidated Water Company; Frank W. Greene, Superintendent of the Montclair Water Works, representing the East Jersey Water Company; P. V. Hollenbeck of the International Paper Company, and Chief Chemist Hadley of the Clark Thread Company of East Newark were particularly interested in the experiments with emulsions of silk waste, effluent from paper mills. Samples of polluting matter from allied industries were treated with coagol and rendered crystal clear by filtration after such treatment.

The experts from the industrial plants stated that their principals seek a sure means of purifying waste waters before turning them into the streams and assert that pollution by the industries has not been willful but the result of inability to prevent it. Health officials asserted that the health laws prohibiting the pollution of potable waters and navigable streams have been unenforceable because of the absence of means for clarifying the waters from industrial plants.

Herman Seydel explained that Mr. Spencer's discovery of coagol would purify the waters from the silk mills

(Continued on page 375)

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

The League's Bill *for an* Upper Mississippi National Wild Life Refuge

Introduced in the Senate by Senator Medill McCormick

Introduced in the House by Congressman Harry B. Hawes

This Bill is known as H. R. No. 4088 and as Senate Bill No. 1558.

BE it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That this Act may be cited as "The Upper Mississippi River Wild Life and Fish Refuge Act."

Sec. 2. The Secretary of Agriculture is authorized and directed to acquire by purchase, gift, or lease, such areas of land, or of land and water, situated between Rock Island, Illinois, and Wabasha, Minnesota, on either side of or upon islands in the Mississippi River, which are subject to overflow by such River and which are not used for agricultural purposes, as he determines suitable for the purposes of this act.

Sec. 3. Any such area, when acquired in accordance with the provisions of this Act, shall become a part of the Upper Mississippi River Wild Life and Fish Refuge (hereinafter in this Act referred to as the "Refuge"). The Refuge shall be established and maintained (a) as a refuge and breeding place for migratory birds included in the terms of the Convention between the United States and Great Britain for the protection of migratory birds, concluded August 16, 1916, and (b) to such extent as the Secretary of Agriculture may by regulations prescribe, as a refuge and breeding place for other wild birds, game animals, fur-bearing animals, and for the conservation of wild flowers and aquatic plants, and (c) to such extent as the Secretary of Commerce may by regulations prescribe as a refuge and breeding place for fish and other aquatic animal life.

Sec. 4. (a) No such area shall be acquired by the Secretary of Agriculture until the legislature of the State in which such area lies has consented to its acquisition by the United States for the purposes of this Act, and, except in the case of a lease, no payment shall be made by the United States for any such area until title thereto is satisfactory to the Attorney General and is vested in the United States.

(b) The existence of a right of way, easement, or other reservation or exception in respect of such area shall not be a bar to its acquisition (1) if the Secretary of Agriculture determines that any such reservation or exception will in no manner interfere with the use of the area for the purposes of this Act, or (2) if in the deed or other conveyance it is stipulated that any reservation or exception in respect of such area, in favor of the person from whom the United States receives title, shall be subject to regulations prescribed under authority of this Act.

Sec. 5. Except where it is specifically provided otherwise, the Secretary of Agriculture and the Secretary of Commerce shall jointly prescribe such regulations, exercise such functions, and perform such duties as may be necessary to carry out the purposes of this Act.

Sec. 6. No person shall, except in accordance with regulations prescribed by the Secretary of Agriculture in respect of wild birds, game animals, fur-bearing animals, wild flowers and aquatic plants, or by the Secretary of Commerce in respect of fish and other aquatic animal life—

(a) Enter the Refuge for any purpose; or

(b) Disturb, injure, kill, or remove, or attempt to disturb, injure, kill, or remove any wild bird, game animal, fur-bearing animal, fish or other aquatic animal life on the Refuge; or

(c) Remove from the Refuge, or injure or destroy thereon any flower, plant, tree, or other natural growth, or the nest or egg of any wild bird; or

(d) Injure or destroy any notice, sign-board, fence, building, or other property of the United States thereon.

Sec. 7. Commercial fishing may be conducted in the waters of this Refuge under regulation by the Secretary of Commerce.

Sec. 8. (a) Any employee of the Department of Agriculture so authorized by the Secretary of Agriculture, and any employee of the Department of Commerce so authorized by the Secretary of Commerce (1) shall have power, without warrant, to arrest any person committing in the presence of such employee a violation of this Act or of any regulation made pursuant to this Act, and to take such person immediately for examination or trial before an officer or court of competent jurisdiction, (2) shall have power to execute any warrant or other process issued by an officer or court of competent jurisdiction to enforce the provisions of this Act or regulations made pursuant thereto, and (3) shall have authority, with a search warrant issued by an officer or court of competent jurisdiction to make a search in accordance with the terms of such warrant. Any judge of a court established under the laws of the United States, or any United States Commissioner may, within his respective jurisdiction, upon proper oath or affirmation showing probable cause, issue warrants in all such cases.

(b) All birds, animals, fish, or parts thereof, captured, injured, or killed, and all flowers, plants, trees and other natural growths and nests and eggs of birds removed, and all implements or paraphernalia including guns, fishing equipment and boats used or attempted to be used, contrary to the provisions of this Act or any regulations made pursuant thereto, shall, when found by such employee, or by any marshal or deputy marshal, be summarily seized by him and placed in the custody of such persons as the Secretary of Agriculture and the Secretary of Commerce may jointly by regulation prescribe.

(c) A report of the seizure shall be made to the United States Attorney for the judicial district in which the seizure is made, for forfeiture either (1) upon conviction of the offender under section 11, or (2) by proceedings by libel in rem. Such libel proceedings shall conform as near as may be to civil suits in admiralty except that either party may demand trial by jury upon any issue of fact when the value in controversy exceeds $20. In case of a jury trial the verdict of the jury shall have the same effect as the finding of the court upon the facts. Libel proceedings shall be at the suit and in the name of the United States. If such forfeiture proceedings are not instituted within a reasonable time the United States Attorney shall give notice thereof and the custodian shall thereupon release the articles seized.

Sec. 9. (a) The Secretary of Agriculture and the Secretary of Commerce are authorized to make such expenditure for construction, equipment, maintenance, repairs, and improvements, including expenditures for personal services at the seat of Government and elsewhere, as may be necessary to execute the functions imposed upon them by this Act and as may be provided for by Congress from time to time.

(b) For such expenditure there is hereby authorized to be appropriated, out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, the sum of $300,000, to be available until June 30, 1925, $100,000 of such sum to be available for expenditures by the Secretary of Agriculture, and $200,000 by the Secretary of Commerce.

Sec. 10. There is hereby authorized to be appropriated, out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated and to be available until expended, the sum of $3,000,000, or so much thereof as may be necessary for the acquisition of any areas authorized by the Act to be acquired for such Refuge, and for all necessary expense incident to the acquisition of such areas.

Sec. 11. Any person, who shall violate or fail to comply with any provision of or any regulation made pursuant to this Act, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and, upon conviction thereof, shall be fined not more than $500, or be imprisoned not more than six months, or both.

Sec. 12. As used in this Act the term "person" includes an individual, partnership, association, or corporation.

Clip Out and Mail with letter to Your Congressman or Senator

YOUR common sense will tell you that if you were a Congressman or a Senator you would like to know what the folks back home think of such a bill as the above. They are human just as you are, so let 'em know where you stand.

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

"A cottontail bounded with terrified haste from under a bunch of dead weeds."

Illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull

The Albino Buck

By BEN EAST

PART ONE

HAVE you ever come in, my friend, from a day afield and sat down before the leaping fire in the fireplace, to spread your trophies out on the floor and gloat over them? All about you, reminders of the day you have spent in the warm autumn sunshine—

There are burrs and sticktights on your clothes, from the edge of the little pond in the cornfield, where a cottontail bounded with terrified haste from under a bunch of dead weeds. There is a purple stain on your sleeve that came from the frosted clusters along the old fence-row, where the big cock-partridge thundered up, almost under your feet. You kick off your boots, grown very heavy during the walk home in the twilight, and in them you find more reminders. Broken bits of dry brown marsh grass from the long tiring walk along the creek, where the muskrats were building winter homes, and where mink signs told you that you were not the only hunter that had come that way; dead twigs that came from the sunny covert among the willows, where you flushed the pair of shy woodcock; waxy scarlet berries, crushed on your socks, that fell from the black alder brush where the swamp was so thick that you could not see the game if you started it!

You smooth out the ruffled bits of feather and fur that you have tossed down on the floor beside you—and into your heart as you dream, there steals just a tinge of sadness that they are no longer alive.

You remember how the woodcock swung and circled high up in the clear air above the spring marsh, and sent his mating whistle down out of the blue, to her who waited in the sun-warmed covert far below him.

Last night the rabbit played in the moon-lighted hollows of the field, and scurried to safety before the silent-winged owls. Tonight he is only a lifeless lump of cold fur-covered flesh.

Well then, you know how I felt, the night I sat in Jim Grayson's cabin, up on the shore of Little Beaver Lake, some hundred odd miles east of Nipigon, and gloated—or tried to gloat—over the four year old albino buck I had hung outside the cabin door, just at sundown. He was a prize, that buck, and I had worked and waited ten long days to get him.

I had left home on the twentieth of October, and the train had carried me swiftly out of the belt of flaming hardwood, into the pine barrens and slashings that lie between the Straits and Saginaw. Ordinarily I would have headed west at Mackinac. There's a bit of virgin country left yet, between Green Bay and Munising, that has its eight-point bucks in plenty!

This year, however, I had a letter from Dan Taylor, who knows that North country as I know my office desk, to Jim Grayson, up on the Little Beaver.

"An odd chap you'll find him," Old Dan had told me the morning he called to offer me the letter. "Quiet—but a mighty good scout. And the Little Beaver will

give you your choice of anything from snowshoe rabbits to moose. Besides, I think you'll like Jim, though I doubt if he'll hunt much with you. But you'll be welcome, all right, when he finds out who sent you. Jim and I have slept under the same blanket some several nights—have even eaten out of the same bean-pot, once or twice."

So, with Dan's little note in my pocket, at Mackinac I went on Northward to the Soo, where a lake boat would leave late in the afternoon for Port Arthur. And from there I would work my way North, by whatever conveyance I might find, to the Little Beaver, and the lonely cabin of Jim Grayson.

So, across the wide waters of Superior, The Mighty, gray with autumn storms, I came to Port Arthur, and the stretch of wild rough timbered country, that, as Dan Taylor had told me, "Slopes uphill all the way to Nipigon, and then freezes and slides downhill all the way to Hudson's Bay!"

From the lake port, as far northeastward as the trains would carry me, on my way to the Little Beaver, I went by rail, for I was in a hurry to arrive! Then, because it was far too early yet for dogs—the twenty-fifth of the month and no snow, I started northward up a river, that I knew came down from the far backbone of the Canadian wilderness. And somewhere, up near the backbone that topped the long slope, was the Little Beaver.

I could have killed a dozen deer on my way up that river. Does with last spring fawns at their sides, walked away into the timber, a hundred yards ahead of the canoe, time after time. Twice, ten-point bucks stood clear cut against the dark spruce trunks, as we rounded sharp points of the river. But I had lost my lust for a ten-point buck. I was after a bigger prize—one that I was sure awaited me, up there in the Little Beaver country.

We even came around a bend in the stream one evening just at sundown, onto a straight half-mile stretch of smooth swift water, and there, on a narrow brush bordered beach where another sweep of the river cut off our view, was a great bull moose, standing, as they are always pictured when the artist desires perfection of forest strength and beauty, with the massive shoulders and great antlered head standing out against the sky, and the rest of the heavy body hidden in the alders.

The Hudson Bay packer who was taking me up the river, was wielding the stern paddle—and with a single swift stroke he spun the birchen craft about, and in behind the shelter of a fallen tree that stretched out into the stream.

And with the canoe resting in the quiet water behind the trunk, I took up my field glasses and focused them on that strip of up-river shore. A dead tree leaned at an angle, just behind the giant bull, and the shadow of it fell full across the great upflung head. Then below the shadow, a bar of yellow light from the sun, low in the west, touched the bell under the throat, and the broad sweep of the chest, with burnished bronze.

I had once seen a bar of late sunlight, falling level under the porch roof of a city home, touch in the same way the bell and throat of a great antlered head that ended in a shield-shaped block of polished oak. The mockery of that effigy came suddenly to me, as I sensed the beauty of that splendid flesh and blood animal up the river there, with the vast northern wilderness at his back—and I was seized with a sudden fear that I should never covet a moose head for a trophy again. No matter, I thought. If this trip did not fail I would take back with me a finer trophy than any moose head!

The Hudson Bay man was whispering then, telling me that the wind was coming downriver, and the bull hadn't seen us. That I could step ashore, and a quarter hour in the timber would bring me close enough for a certain shot, with little chance of his discovering me.

I shook my head. "It's too early on the trip to shoot one to take out with me," I told him. "I'll get another chance up on the Little Beaver."

And in my heart I didn't care if the chance came or not.

On the lake boat that had carried me from the Soo to Port Arthur, I had fallen into conversation with one of the officers, and had told him that I was going up almost to the divide, a hundred miles east of Nipigon.

"I was up in that country myself, two years ago, after navigation closed," he told me. "Great place for game! I got my moose the second day, and brought back a big buck besides. The one thing I wanted most, though, I didn't even see! The Indians and trappers up there claim there's an albino buck in the timbered ridges around Little Beaver Lake."

"The Little Beaver," I cried. "That's where I'm going! An albino buck, there?"

The mate nodded. "He's there all right—or was two years ago and judging from my own trip I don't think anybody has got him since, either—unless it's a pack of gray wolves! I honestly believe I had a glimpse of every buck for ten miles all around that lake, but him! The Indians say the Great Spirit marks the albinos, so they won't get killed—and the white trappers say their color makes 'em shy—which amounts to the same thing so far as the buck is concerned."

So that was why I had hurried northeastward by rail, along the Superior shore. And I was no more than out upon the river in the fur packer's birch canoe, than I asked him if he knew the Little Beaver country, and if he had ever heard of the white buck. He knew the Little Beaver country as well as he knew the river, he told me, and he had even seen the albino! Just a glimpse of him, through the spruce, while hunting with Joe LeBault, late the previous fall. And no longer ago than August, he had been at the Post on Nipigon and had met Jim Grayson, the man who was to be my host, and from him he had learned that the strange deer was still traveling the summer run-ways around the Little Beaver.

That was why I was impatient as we drove the canoe on up the river; why I shot no deer and even refused the chance of a sure shot at the great bull moose! I was after a bigger prize! An albino buck—an eight prong, as white as winter snow! The trophy of a hunter's lifetime—a trophy that does not come at all to as many as one hunter in a thousand! I dug my paddle deeper as I planned. I could hardly wait to reach the Little Beaver.

Ten miles below the lake the Hudson Bay man turned back, and I made the rest of the journey alone, in a canoe I borrowed from a family of Chippewas.

Jim Grayson's cabin sets back in the edge of the timber, on the north shore of the lake, directly across from the point where the river leads out. There is a strip of white sandy shore fifty yards wide, all around the lake, that makes a front yard between the water and the cabin—and back of the low structure of unhewn logs the dark pine and spruce rise up to shelter it forever from the storms that sweep down out of the arctic Barrens far to the northwest.

And the Little Beaver itself—it is a white-rimmed sapphire set in the heart of the dark green forest. Timbered ridges rise up on all sides to shut it in, and roll away for endless wilderness miles. It is beautiful beyond words by day—but by night with the bright northern moon silvering it, and the low sighing of the nightwind through the pines—well if God has made anywhere a more beautiful wilderness spot, it has never been my misfortune to be obliged to come away from it at the end of a short ten day stay!

Jim is a big man, with a quiet smile and a slight limp as he walks. He fits that lonely cabin and he fits the quiet lonely world around it—but you know the first time he speaks in his grave low voice, that there are other places in the world—"bigger places," as we commonly think of them—where he would fit as well.

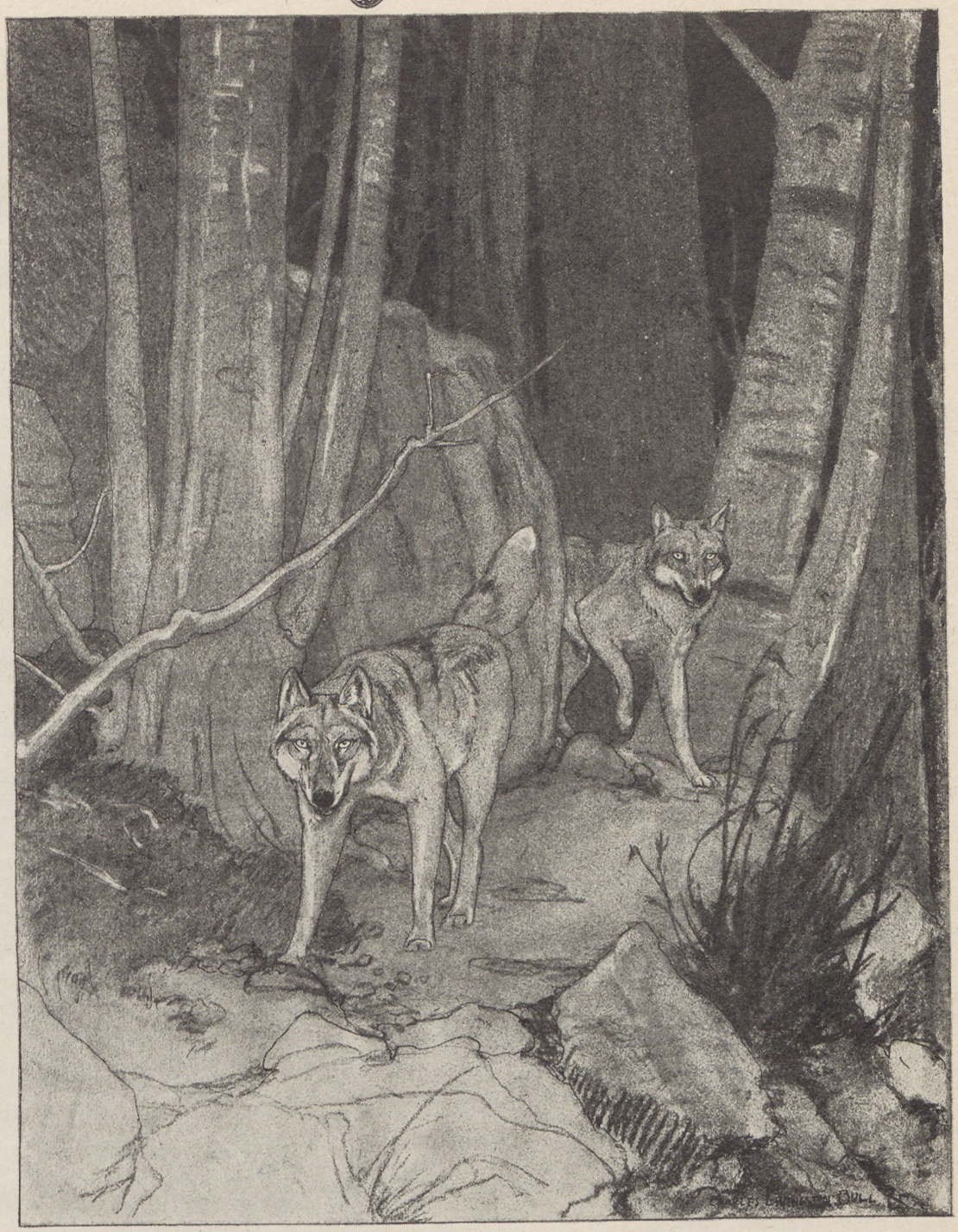
It was as Dan had said. I was welcome all right when he knew who sent me—even before he knew, for that matter—and that first evening we talked a long while about Dan and the city far to the south where he and I lived—though I did most of the talking. But before we talked about Dan I had asked about the albino buck. Yes, he was still there all right, Jim said. Some where on the ridges about the lake. Would he be hard to find? He didn't know. He had seen him plenty of times—but he had never tried hunting him. And I thought that

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

there seemed to be a trace of regret in his voice because I had come up to the Little Beaver, with the determination to take the white deer back with me when I went. I asked him if he would go out with me the next morning, but he smiled and said no. He would stay in the cabin and keep camp, and when I was tired of hunting, come in, and we'd smoke together by the fire.

So at last I rolled into a rough bunk, padded soft with fragrant cedar branches, and dreamed of a herd of albino deer, feeding in my den at home!

The next morning was cold and clear, shell ice frozen in about the edges of the lake, the spruce tips silvered with heavy frost, and the still air tingling and crisp. Before the sun, from his post far in the southeast, had begun to turn the frost to dripping dew, I started the hardest hunt of my life!



— "till the timber wolves trailed me home in the deepening gloom of the forest."

For a week I hunted the albino buck as I had never hunted any wild thing before. I combed the sides of the ridges, far and near, walking softly in the deep shadows of the spruce. I pushed my way through the dense cedar swamps, hoping that by starting him up ahead of me I might force him out to more open land, where I would later get a shot. I worked the strips of birch and poplar and maple, that grew along the little streams between the ridges. I was up in the mornings at dawn, and I stayed out evening after evening on the deer runs, till the timber wolves trailed me home in the deepening gloom of the forest.

And always Jim would have supper waiting when I came in, and he would look up, smiling quietly when I sat my rifle disappointedly in the corner.

"Well, I see you'll have to hunt again to-morrow," was his greeting time after time!

I saw deer in plenty—saw moose twice, and once a big black bear wandered into a hardwood grove at the foot of a ridge, on whose crest I stood—and I let them all go, for fear the sound of my rifle might make more shy the white deer!

The weather changed during the week, from the clear crisp sunshiny days, to days of cold drizzling autumn rains—and back again—and still I hunted.

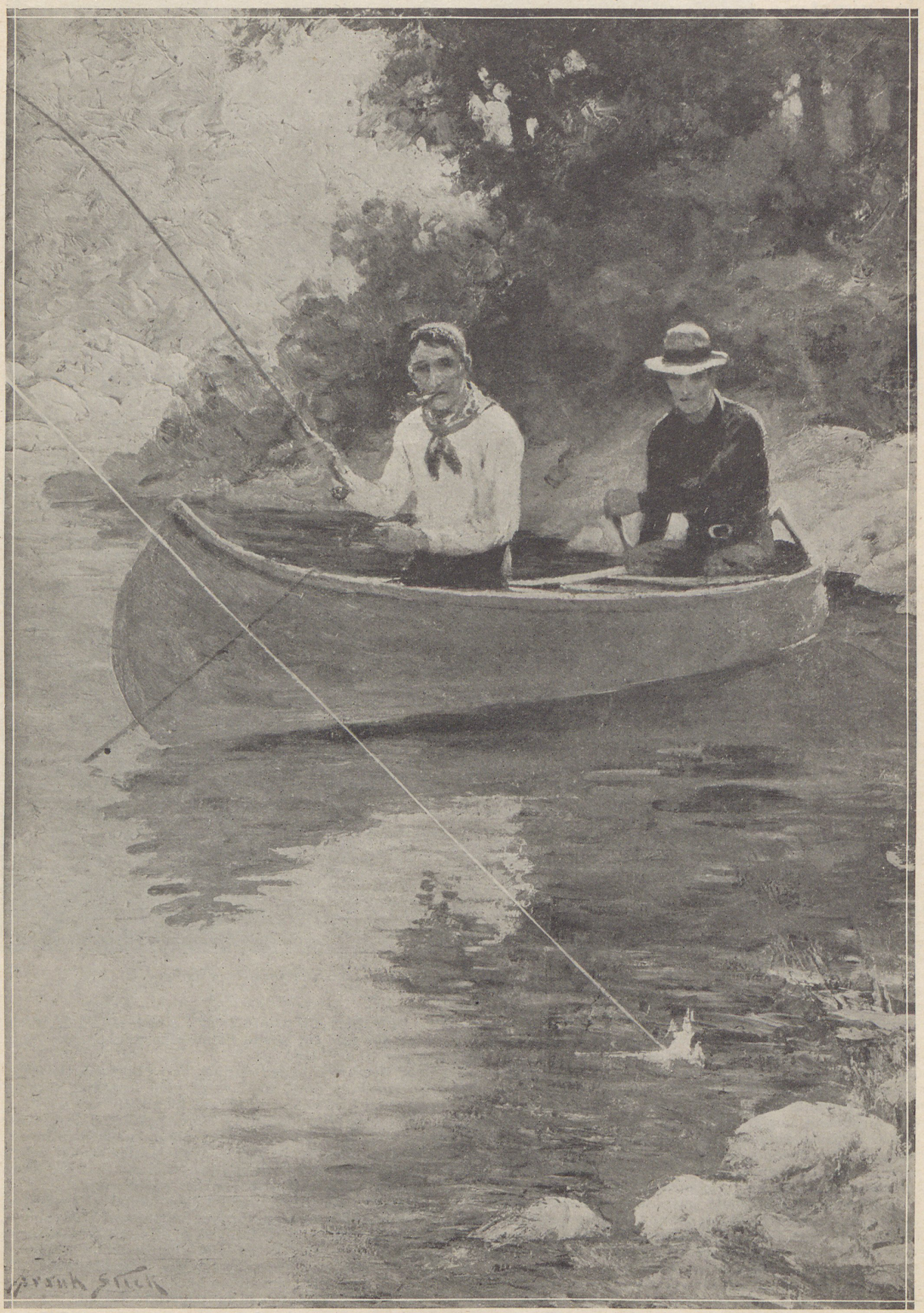
Then one afternoon gray clouds gathered low overhead, and some hushed feeling about me in the forest, as I came down to the shores of the Little Beaver, when the early dusk was settling down, told me that the thing I wanted, most of all, to aid me, was coming.

I went to sleep that night to the sound of the snow thudding softly against the one window of the cabin—and in the morning I stepped out into a white silent world of lake and forest and ridges—while overhead the west wind was sweeping the sky clear of clouds.

Now I would kill the albino buck!

(Continued on page 375)

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.



"Like everyone else we had a cherished fishing spot." (Illustration for We Go a-Fishing.)

We Go a-Fishing

By LIONELL F. PHILLIPS

Painting By Frank Stick

FOR years we have been a humble follower of the famous Izaak Walton, and disregarding the admitted attractions of the trout brook and the numerous lakes we have wet a line in, have chosen to spend our vacation time in fishing "our" river. True, the scenery around our mountain cabin is without compare, a widely travelled friend comparing it favorably with the beauties of the Alps. Equally true was the undoubted fact that the young hopefuls of the family thrived amazingly in the keen mountain air, returning each year as brown as Indians. We could continue to enumerate the manifest advantages of our beloved cabin, perched precariously on the steep bank of the river, but granting them all, the chief attraction to us was still the murmuring, roaring, tumbling river, clear as crystal and swarming with small-mouth.

Hanging up in the office of a friend is an enormous big mouth bass, paunchy and ugly when compared to the slender river bass, but a fish anyone would be proud to have captured. Here was our target, our boast that some day we would match the big mouth with a companion small-mouth from the river. Each year saw us going forth to do battle, and each year, try as we might, the Fishing Gods were false to us. We look back to battles lost and battles won, to the big fellow, better than four pounds that we took on an Emerson Hough behind the ledge in the midst of a roaring rapids. Five pounders have fallen victim to our casting lures, but a six pounder was still a stranger. In fact, old-timers on the river claimed that no small-mouth bass ever grew as heavy because of the few quiet spots where bass could meditate and grow fat. Their theory sounded plausible, but still we have looked down into the deeper pockets to see bass that kept us on the quest, in spite of the croaks of the old-timers.

One day late in the summer a stranger wandered hesitatingly up the narrow trail, to present a letter from a friend of ours. The stranger was anxious to try the fishing our friend had boasted about, the claims of friendship were strong, and the stranger was a "regular fellow," with the result that plans were soon laid for a little excursion the next day. You all know how it is—that the advantages of one or two spots you keep strictly to yourself. We have just such a place, a stretch of water most of our angling friends know nothing of, but which we resolved to visit on the excursion we had planned. True, three miles of rushing river had to be covered with the aid of paddle and push pole before the goal was reached, but our new friend was a canoeist, as we had learned from carefully casual conversation. With his aid the last of the fast water was finally conquered, and the canoe brought to anchor on the treasured stretch.

We realize that we are a long time coming to the point of this little story, but at the same time we must pause long enough to introduce our young brother-in-law. We won't mention his many escapades following which we have longed to smite him mightily with an axe helve, for with all this he had one good point in our eyes—he was an earnest if despondent follower of Izaak Walton. Our tackle box was never safe from his experimental mind, searching for a good lure, but with all his efforts and expenditure of choice tackle the bass continued to elude him. Fortunately, the river swarmed with sunfish easy to capture, so he never lost hope; if he could capture sunfish, he could capture bass, was his reasoning. Having introduced him, we leave him earnestly fishing in the eddy in front of the cabin, fishing for bass in a deep hole we long had abandoned as being "fished out."

The stretch of water we were anchored in was the lower end of a mile-long eddy in the river. The river flowed swiftly over a five foot gravel bar, to spill with a roar in the white waters of one of the rapids making up the three mile stretch we had negotiated by poling. On each side the pine covered mountains towered, with no house or cabin to spoil the illusion of a perfect wilderness. The road, and a dirt road at that, lay a good half mile back of the mountain, with only a dim trail leading to the river. With rapids above and below it, is it any wonder that few anglers ever were aware of the eddy, or ever wet a line in its clear waters? It is possibly this that has made the big bass a little less wary, a little less cautious about investigating the possibilities of the feathered lure than in other stretches of the river we have fished.

It took a little experimenting to find the right combination, the bass refusing our favorite Emerson Hough bucktail fly for a tiny Black Prince. The gravel bar, extending across the river bottom to form the lip of the cup, with the eddy the bowl, was swarming with bass, but strange to say, casts to our left produced no results to speak of. At almost every right hand cast a bass would snap up the lure, but try as we might hardly a rise did we get from our left hand efforts. The bar was apparently the same on both sides, the depth of water possibly a trifle deeper to the left than the right, but hardly enough to make it apparent to the casual eye. Bass came to the canoe thick and fast, to be released as soon as brought to boat. For years we have made it a rule to release all fish under fourteen inches, for the river yielded up enough big fellows without bothering with the little "minnows." Merely a labor saving device, as anyone who has had the job of cleaning a dozen little bass will assure you.

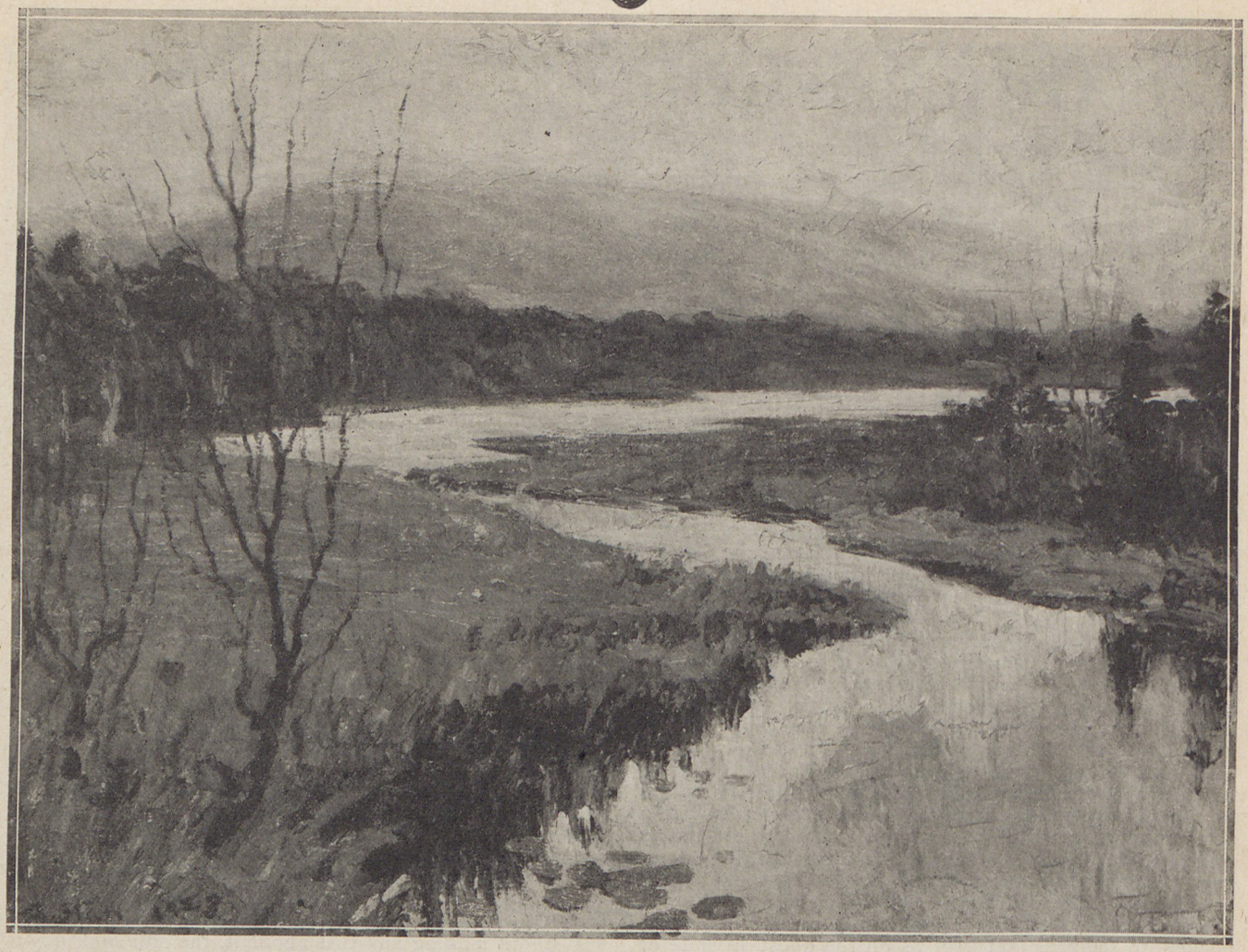
Without making any fuss about it, the sun sank down below the rim of the mountain, and even the thrill of playing bass failed to ward off the chill of approaching evening. Time to move downstream unless we wanted to try some white water canoeing by night, and night work, be it in the trenches or in a peaceful canoe on a fishing trip, never had much appeal. We floated down to the big ledge where a four pounder had once came out to our amazement and the valedictory of a favorite rod. No easy matter to get out line enough to reach behind the ledge, with the foaming water hissing along the canoe and the anchor rope humming like the strings of a bass-viol. Dangerous work, perhaps, but big bass lurked in the little eddy behind that sharp ledge.

Just as we have a cherished fishing spot we have a cherished lure for waters white with foam—a single bladed spinner mounted directly on the gut of the leader, the fly directly beneath. Possibly we are not fly fishing when we use such a lure, but we have found the fly "unadorned" a poor thing to dabble in foaming white water. Fly fishing or not, the fly and spinner blade combination casts like a fly and gets the fish, and it was of a big bass we were thinking of then, a big fish for our new friend to take home with him to prove he had been fishing and not merely making the motions.

The combination lure did the trick, but unfortunately, it worked for us and not for our friend. He cast a dozen times without result, but just because we wanted him to get a bass, the Gods decreed otherwise. At the first cast the little rod bent sharply and in the middle of the swirling spot behind the ledge a big hole appeared as a bass left the water, gill covers spread, gills gleaming blood red. With the speed of a trout he dove for the shelter of the ledge; the rod groaned protestingly but checked him. Again he went into a series of aerial gymnastics, tried for the ledge, but failing this, headed directly downstream. We were mentally bidding farewell to our new line when the power of the rod, or

(Continued on page 387)

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.



I'll Tell You About a River

By EL COMANCHO
(W. L. Phillips)

DOWN along the lost years that go to make up the Youth of Time there was a Little River that was worth knowing.

It had its beginning away, away—somewhere up yonder beyond the hills that rimmed in its winding valley until one lost it in a maze of never ending bends.

I found this out years and years after I first became acquainted with it; when I knew it intimately it came down out of the mysterious northwest—from somewhere up toward what the few serious faced, grizzled, gray men-inhabitants called the "Injun Country."

Buffalo hunters, voyagers, trappers, scouts and what all, these—men who stood on their own two feet and were law unto themselves; men who talked of unknown things out in the "Buffalo range" and beyond—oh far, far beyond, to the "Rockies" the "Sage Plains" and other Places of Adventure and Mystery whose names intrigued and lured and made young pulses pound hard with desire—Aye! Did you ever know the call of it?

Adventure was in the air then for this Little River lay for many miles parallel to the greatest highway the world has ever known—The Oregon Trail.

ways, into a horizon where the waters of the river and the blue sky come together. Did you know that little truth about the River Platte, Brother?

No, you did not—not unless you have hunted there because one does not tarry along the River Platte uselessly for many reasons that I could tell you—and possibly one day will.

Let us call that another story for the River Platte has little to do with the chummy little stream I started to talk about save to supply it with many springs that gush from hillsides facing south along the upper reaches of this Little River of mine.

The Oregon Trail from Independence, Missouri, in the olden days crossed the Kaw-Republican, (of our maps today) just above where my Little River flowed into the larger stream not so far above the present Kansas City.

This point was a crossing known even all the way to Oregon as the "Ford of the Kansas" and the famous old trail thus acknowledged my Little River by staying south of the Kaw until it had passed the mouth of the smaller stream and thus avoided a second ford—and so, you see, the Little River he[illegible]

those of mature age who had passed, but all too recently, through the flare and searing hell of war—for, mind you, I knew this Little River as long ago as 1869.

If you will remember (or look up history if you do not remember), you will gather that those were days when the Buffalo were still straggling as close as sixty miles or so west of the yellow flood the Otoe and Missouri Indian tribes called the Missouri—the River-of-the-yellow-mud.

The Sioux, Kansa, Sac, Fox and Pawnee tribes who neighbored that great old stream each had a different dialectic name for it and out of all of these the white man, with his usual careless disregard for the speech and ways of others, had long since fixed on Missouri as the name the great yellow river was to bear for the rest of time that white men shall endure.

Too, you will recollect, these red men were then in arms against the white invasion of their age-old hunting grounds and blood was shed every time that white and red men came together; thus we learned the phrase "a good Indian is a dead one" because these wild riders took toll of the white hordes where and when they could nor reckoned their own helplessness but fought the best they knew how against odds as great as the waves of the sea; naturally, in time, they failed and in 1890 the last flicker of Red resistance to White rule flared up and died in the battle of Wounded Knee which left all the west safe for white men's children.

While all of this went on all about my Little River it was not touched by it save very lightly; the Sioux pulled off one raid at the beginning but they never tried a second foray and the Otoe, Missouri, Pawnee, Nemaha and Kansa tribes had already felt the strength of the white invader and knew better than to try openly hostile moves though they did prowl about more or less and thus frighten the wives and families of settlers out of a year's growth at times.

But this was merely woman-scare stuff and the worst it did was to keep the nerves of all the frontier women thereabouts on keen edge needlessly for there never was any real danger along my Little River after white men crossed the Missouri, except for the one Sioux raid mentioned above.

All the flood of westward traffic went to south-southwest and to north-northeast just far enough to pass my Little River by except for that branch of the old Oregon-California trail that crossed the Missouri at Nebraska City and went west to join the main road of the Oregon Trail, forty miles or so west of my Little River on the Pony Express route that ran northwest from St. Joseph to strike the Platte somewhere near the present city of Grand Island—likely at old Fort Kearney, if memory is not at fault.

This road crossed my Little River almost straight west of Nebraska City.

And so, you see, my Little River was mostly left to wind its peaceful way through the triangle between the two great forks of the old Oregon Trail and the barrier of the Missouri River of those days when it really was a barrier that commanded and received the respect of men, instead of being the muddy sewer it is nowadays.

For years it was the boundary of the real frontier for "East of the River" was a civilized white man's land while "West of the River" was the Land of Adventure where anything could happen—and mostly did!

"West of the River" was a wild, wide open, free, gun-toting country where every man stood on his own two feet and Brother, men were MEN there in those brave times for the weakling did not and could not endure and he never even crossed the river.

My Little River was in the first zone of the West for it caught all of those wildlings going and coming and many a trapper has floated his cargo of furs down the length of it and on to the St. Louis market not so far below its mouth—and that is that.

What a Little River it was! I think the original Garden of Eden must have been in its beautiful valley and the Indians must have thought the same thing for the tribes fought each other all the time for possession of the hunting grounds that were within its valley boundaries nor could the Indians themselves tell me when there had not been war among them over the possession of this stream.

Likely that valley has seen more war than any like area within a dozen neighboring states and even now the plow turns up an occasional stone arrowhead, a broken decayed Indian bone fragment or what-not of mute reminder that harks back to the old, old days.

Yet when I knew it this Little River was as tranquil as a summer day.

Sometimes I dream of these old times along this Little River and visions come, visions such as only memory knows. The Little River flows by, forever coming out of the north and hurrying into the south under the sun, smelling of All-places and southing silently—yet gurgling small river noises such as only flowing water knows, small unobtrusive river noises under a bottomless blue sky lit by a flaming brass globe.

Under a cool shadow beside the lazy stream I stretch at length, boy fashion and supple as a snake, along the ground under spreading limbs, far reaching from Cottonwood and Elm, out over the water and lighted strangely from beneath by reflected sunlight thrown upward from sun-glared water; a Brownthrush pipes from somewhere, plaintively, longing for evening when he can make the air live with melody; just now is the Catbird's time to voice his contentment from nearby thicket.

Turtles crawl out on the hot sandbar edge for the ceremonial of Egg laying; a slick black snake, thin and long and pliable as whip lash, slips up along a treetrunk without visible power of propulsion and presently vanishes like flowing water—and directly a commotion arises from the Grackles in their nesting colony among the Cottonwoods to tell the world that the tree climbing Blacksnake is feasting on eggs and young birds as the Cosmic Plan requires.

The odor of hot sand, wind borne by vagrant air, crosses one's consciousness unheeded, but recognized, and the acrid odor of walnut leaves follows without reason; singing insects chorus under the leaves, happy in the heat so congenial to them.

A Blue Jay materializes suddenly on a nearby limb and inspects one, more than half inclined to tell the Little People of his discovery and then slips away, vanishing by a process of his own whereby he fades into a background of leaves.

A blackwinged Scarlet Tanager draws a line of flame across the sunlight as he flies, following the open space above the water silently.

A Turtledove cooes quietly; far back beyond the timber

DEAR EDITOR:

What do you think of a series of "Little River" stories to run during 1924? Looks like, to me, that most any kid under 90 years old ought to get more or less joy out of getting acquainted with this "Little River" of mine.

You know, it isn't just a play-river, but it really did exist before the buffalo grass country was all plowed up and my beautiful Little River filled with cornfield mud. My heart is on the ground when I think of it.

Seems like, to me, maybe it might be a good idea to make it live again in the printed pages of the magazine for I think there must be a lot of men still living who grew up along this Little River of mine all over Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Missouri, and likely in Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Michigan—and I believe they'd like to see it again and live on its banks as they did forty years ago.

EL COMANCHO.

edge, from an open field, a horse whinnies and is answered in kind.

Blue shadows bank beneath the thickets and are shot with pencils of light as the sun moves on. Butterflies sail to and fro in aimless circles or perch and fan their wings in the sunshine. Bees fumble the rosin weeds and go zooming down to rob the clover of its sweets.

Slowly the day goes by and blue night settles over my Little River, dusting the water with a million stars and bringing a night world peopled by a different company that will sleep through tomorrow's sun.

Owls, bats, humming insects, strange little noises that come only with darkness; blue velvet sky sprinkled with diamonds and dim as the veil of a ghost with intangible, unseen shapes that come and go as night mists writhe up from the water, smelling like marigolds with the bitter tang of mysterious things.

A fish splashes water somewhere in meaningless leap; a muskrat glides by, wrinkling the water so the reflected stars do a happy dance on the waves and there is a strong, pungent odor of musk on the night air when the water quiets down. The rat is gone.

The "Dipper" begins to clumb up the sky slowly, ever so slowly, and the gentle Little River drowses on—on down over its flat limestone bed where the sleek catfish loaf—on past the sand bar's edge where the 'Coon comes to hunt clams or capture venturesome crawfish foolishly migrating from the river toward the warm, smelly waters of an overflow pond above the bank where the "wiggletails" turn into fat mosquitoes and the pollywogs bask in the sun, waiting until their legs can grow out and they can shed their tails to hop away as full fledged frogs.

Sometimes bellowing winds boom cross empty skies and bring companies of sailing clouds and the sun is blotted out by a pall of black hung against the horizon from the far boundary of the clouds and searing flame crashes down to rend the helpless Cottonwoods and stun the world. An instant of silence follows and then the patter of rain comes on the still-leaved forest company to quickly change into a wind-lashed deluge that tears the weaker leafage away and sends it hurtling by, driven in flat lines by the roaring gale of a summer thunder storm which drives one to improvised shelter beneath steep bank or under projecting lime rock ledge undercut by water in bygone times to shelter one in just such times as these when the world is at war with the roaring winds.

Presently the tumult is over and the hot sun looks down again on a steaming, dripping land that slowly recovers from its beating and breathes and lifts its head

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A series of Little River stories by **EL COMANCHO** will run in this magazine. The first will be

"The Little River in Spring Time"

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

Fundamental Problems *of* Game Conservation

By Executive Committee
Boone and Crockett Club

WITH the growth of the recreational spirit among our people and the rapid increase of numbers who enjoy our game, the problems of methods proposed to save it are today receiving wider and more serious attention than ever before. The dangers of further decrease of game, in some cases even of its threatened extermination, have been so advertised in recent years that many interested in the conservation of wild life have been startled almost to the verge of panic. From one angle or another the alarm is being sounded, not so much because game is decreasing, as because the increase of population signifies an increase of gunners, and the advance of material interests makes possible greater opportunities effectively to use the guns.

The outlook is indeed serious enough. But it seems to have been forgotten that the same and even greater dangers to the future of game existed several years ago. Then, the numbers of waterfowl and shorebirds were much reduced and were steadily decreasing, and deer had greatly decreased in many eastern States. Yet along with the increase of gunners and of material advancement, waterfowl and shorebirds are now increasing, and deer in the States have become much more abundant. Such facts should cause reflection and a calm study of the causes which have produced this more favorable situation. Before becoming so much alarmed as hastily to propose certain remedies which in the past have failed, is it not better to seek to understand the fundamental problems of game protection and to try to apply them now and hereafter, so that our game in reasonable numbers may be saved?

The methods commonly proposed to save game—chiefly by legislative enactments—although practiced in this country from early colonial times, began to receive some attention after 1850 and active interest after 1880. Reduction of bag limits, limited seasons and closed seasons, game refuges, license systems, law enforcement, and several other policies were and are the common proposals; yet so far as they have been practiced they have never afforded a permanent solution of the problem. The game has continually decreased.

In Bulletin No. 41, published by the Biological Survey in 1912, Dr. T. S. Palmer, after much research and study gave us: "The Chronology and Index of the more important Events in American Game Protection, 1776-1911." This is his introduction: "Game protection in the United States has been gradually developed during a period of nearly 300 years and has been marked by an immense volume of legislation. In no other country in the world have laws for the protection of game been passed in such numbers or amended so frequently. Among the characteristic features of American game legislation are the division of birds into three groups—game birds, nongame birds, and noxious species; the restrictions on hunting by nonresidents; the limitations on the quantity of game that may be killed at certain times; the prohibition of export and sale; the system of enforcement by State officers; and the maintenance of this system largely by receipts from hunting licenses." With few exceptions, which will be noticed, all legislation since 1911 has been similar, and recent proposals to save game have advocated nothing, save more drastic applications of these methods. They are mainly prohibitive or restrictive. They have failed because of neglect to provide the right practical applications of some of them, and because others are not fundamental.

Yet some fundamental game protective policies have been enacted in legislation, and applied. The results have been immediate and game has either been protected or has increased. Let us mention some of them.

The Yellowstone National Park, created by Congress in 1872 was a great federal refuge without legislative enactments to protect its game. In 1876 George Bird Grinnell first effectively called the attention of Congress to the threatened destructions of this game, and continued to agitate the subject until finally the public became interested. Congress gave heed to it, and in 1894 the Park Protection Act was passed. Here was a fundamental policy which has been applied to all National Park legislation—the complete protection of game within the limits of these Parks. Thus in them the game has permanently been saved.

In 1894 Mr. Grinnell was the first to advocate the idea of nonsale of game, and he persisted in advocating this policy until the whole public had been educated to accept it, as soon as a method to apply it was found. This was another fundamental problem.

In 1904 Hon. George Shiras 3rd, prepared and introduced in the House of Representatives a bill to place all migratory birds under federal control. This principle was kept alive in Congress until it was finally enacted in the Migratory Bird law and later replaced by the International Migratory Bird Treaty. Thus the policy of federal control of migratory birds was established in law so that all methods of game protection, including nonsale of game, could be immediately applied. The result has been the great and rapid increase of waterfowl and shorebirds. Efforts, continued for years without success, had been made to accomplish similar results through State legislation. And yet some States had passed laws containing regulations amply sufficient to save the game, if only they could have been applied throughout the country and enforced. It was the recognition of this policy of federal control, however, that was fundamental to the problem.

Population and industrialism are increasing faster than game. Is there any fundamental policy which, if adopted, will meet such a situation and conserve the game? We think that there is—one that needs the endorsement of all who are interested in saving wild life and in outdoor recreation. The policy needed is one which calls for the complete administration of the game together with the accompanying responsibility. Heretofore most of our legislation in behalf of saving game has dealt with the protective side of game conservation. Game protection, rather than game administration, has been our thought. So long as we continue both in thought and by legislation to hold this attitude, we cannot make wise laws fast enough to meet the changing situations, nor can we quickly adopt methods which will prevent the destruction of the breeding stock of game.

IN 1887 THEODORE ROOSEVELT

founded the Boone and Crockett Club and it has made more conservation history than has any other body of American sportsmen.

To recite only briefly its many achievements would take a book of many pages. We hope the members of this League will closely read and study the valuable paper printed herewith. We assure them they can well afford to give it their most thoughtful consideration. The sportsmen of America are greatly indebted to the Boone and Crockett Club and we have no doubt that as the years roll on this distinguished organization will continue to point out the way toward bettering sports in this country.

The League considers it an honor to have its magazine officially chosen by the Boone and Crockett Club as being the proper medium to print "Fundamental Problems of Game Conservation."

WILL H. DILG

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

The Boone and Crockett Club clearly recognized this fact in 1912. In its Game Preservation Report of that year it declared that the only solution of future game conservation lay in legislation recognizing completely the administration of game. The Club emphasized this in its report of 1915, and has since advocated it as the chief object to be attained.

Administration of game has been the centuries old policy in European countries, and game has been maintained in abundance and widely sold in the markets while the breeding stock has not been permitted to decrease below numbers believed to be for the general welfare of the people. But all over the world, wherever, without intelligent administrationtion, game has been permitted to increase on areas being more and more encroached on by civilization, it has become depleted either by unwise killing or by death from starvation.

What is the significance of **Game Administration?**

The preservation of game is justified for three cardinal purposes—aesthetic pleasure; economic use; and recreational use for sport, study, and photography. The value of game cannot be comparatively measured, but there is general agreement that game is an asset of high importance to the people. The use of game must be coordinated with all industrial uses in such a way that our national life will enjoy the maximum benefits of all our resources. Therefore the numbers of game to be preserved must be adjusted accordingly.

The administration of game is nothing more than the plain common sense management of it so as to insure a permanent breeding stock which will perpetually produce a given surplus to be used as completely as possible for all three purposes of game conservation. Although vastly more complex and difficult, the problem is similar to the simpler one of the management of cattle or chicken ranches.

Game administration will study the whole problem of game in its relation to industrial interests and adjust the numbers to be preserved. It will make a complete study of the game itself, its habits, food, pathology, distribution, and breeding; of the refuges and sanctuaries necessary to be made, and the destruction of natural enemies; in fact, of all scientific methods of increasing and preserving it for the purposes in view. It will seek to determine all the problems connected with game in such a way that every action taken in regard to it will be an intelligent one.

Each reader should ask himself if it is not simple common sense to believe that game can be better permanently preserved under an unconditional system of active, immediate administration than by the one, hitherto practiced for the most part in this country, which in a somewhat haphazard way attempts to protect game by passing rigid, restrictive, laws, inelastic, and so to be changed only by the slow process of legislative enactment?

How can unconditional **Game Administration** be realized?

The first step toward its active realization will be to convince sportsmen's organizations throughout the country that it is necessary. No effective legislation in behalf of game in this country has been accomplished except through the interest and work of sportsmen's organizations. They are the main agencies which arouse favorable public judgment for game legislation, coordinate all the factors to promote it, and do the hard work necessary to achieve it. When any game legislation is proposed, sportsmen's organizations are called on to support or oppose it. Without sportsmen's organizations we could get no effective support for or against game legislation, and selfish interests would soon overthrow all game protection. The sportsman's organization is so vital to saving game that in his annual report for 1922 the Chief Forester of the National Forest Service called special attention to the need for the expansion of such organizations as the principal means of better improving the conditions of game. Sportsmen's organizations can best be reached through sportsmen's and outdoor periodicals. These should fully discuss the need and value of game administration.

This step taken, we must concentrate on the broadest conception of game conservation—the continuous development of the recreational spirit of the people. The platform of the Izaak Walton League sets forth admirable principles of recreation which are printed at the beginning of its magazine.

A plan is needed—a plan of National Recreation, which shall study, define and include on a coordinated basis all national, state, and local possibilities. Such a plan can only be brought about by the President, and he should be encouraged to accomplish it. All organizations interested in recreation of all kinds should join in the effort to bring forth such a program.

Is unconditional **Game Administration** practical in this country?

The Boone and Crockett Club believes that finally it is, as soon as we see the necessity for it and make up our minds to accomplish it. Suggestions to this end, like those of the Boone and Crockett Club, have not aroused a wide interest, for the reason that objections have been hastily brought forward which indicate that most of us reflect not on the administration, but on the restrictive aspect of game protection to which we have so long been accustomed.

It is also asserted that game can be administered in European countries where most of it is on large landed estates wholly subject to regulation by the owners, but that in this country where no such system of land tenure prevails, there is no practical method of game management on a large scale. Such objections, however, are not based on a study of the situation.

For more than thirty years the Boone and Crockett Club has maintained that all wild life in the National Forests should be administered unconditionally by the Forest Service. Here is a great Federal Bureau having complete control of all the products of the National Forests, except the game which is one of its major products. This vast organization patrols and guards each forest and administers them non-politically and efficiently, wholly for the public welfare now and in the future. The deer forests of Scotland comprise 3,000,000 acres with 150,000 deer. Most of our big game in the West ranges in the National Forests which include 157,-000,000 acres of wild areas, occupied, according to actual estimate, by 500,000 deer and large numbers of all other big game, and game birds and waterfowl. Give the Forest Service control of this game and we shall have complete administration of it on a scale never known in Europe. This cannot be done by Federal legislation. The individual States themselves must finally realize the necessity for it and as some States have already done, must cede the control of this game to the Forest Service, at the same time reserving to themselves all the net revenue to be derived from it.

The Alaska Game Law, passed in 1902, contained a clause giving the Secretary of Agriculture power, limited to restrictive measures only, to administer all the game. It is now admitted by all sportsmen, by Alaska residents, and by all others interested, that, if game in Alaska is to be saved, the Secretary of Agriculture must have complete authority to administer the game. With that end in view, the Alaska Delegate has presented to Congress a bill which grants this power to the Secretary who must receive the advice of a local game commission before he shall make regulations for the game. All factions have agreed to this bill. Its administrative feature will surely receive congressional approval. Here will be Game Administration applied on a scale greater than ever before anywhere in the world.

I can find no good estimate of the total number of game birds existing on all European estates together, but certainly they are not superior to those both in all National Forests and on lands controlled by private clubs in this country. Private clubs, once they understand the necessity for it, can administer their game subject to State and Federal laws. Already some, having large land areas under control, are making preliminary studies with a view to intensive game management. All clubs, however, can more completely administer their game as soon as complete administration by the States can be put in effect.

But how can **States Administer** their game?

By recognizing the necessity for such administration, granting the power, and definitely fixing the responsibility for the results. This can be accomplished by **appointing non-partisan, expert game commissions with long tenure of office and full authority independently and unconditionally to administer the game.** A commission having such complete administrative authority could **immediately,** as the conditions might demand, **apply all known methods of game regulation and preservation in any part of or throughout the State.** It would become expert in dealing with the whole problem of Game Administration and would cooperate with clubs and Federal agencies in control of game.

Objections might be made to entrusting such elastic powers to a game commission on the ground of politics. Such objections would, of course, have weight but usually they would not, we believe, be well founded. Throughout this country at present, with rare exceptions, game commissions are composed of those having received political preference, yet many of them include excellent men who have achieved splendid results, some even commanding national attention. Having only to enforce laws and advise legislatures, such bodies now have little responsibility. The main responsibility for game laws lies in the legislative body

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

which makes them, and here responsibility is intangible. Should a commission be given full powers to regulate and control the game, the responsibility for success or failure would be localized on it and on the agency which appointed it. And long tenure of office would decrease the political dependence of its members. **It is common sense to believe that a game commission thus made fully responsible for its acts, would be less likely to act with indifference, neglect, or with careless thought of the probable results.** We are not wholly without experience in Game Administration, and insofar as it has been practiced, the results have completely justified it. Under the present Alaska game law the Secretary of Agriculture has, by the advice of the Alaskans themselves, made frequent use of his administrative authority to prohibit the killing of game in sections where it has been threatened. This has saved the game. Had he possessed no administrative power and been obliged to await authority by congressional action, the game in these sections would have been exterminated.

The Migratory Bird Law, for the most part, is one granting wide powers of administration. Every year the Secretary of Agriculture calls together the Advisory Board, composed of experienced game conservationists from various parts of the country, who recommend changes in the regulations only after careful study and with as full knowledge as can be obtained of the situation. The results have been a steady increase of wildfowl and shorebirds. It has been proposed, with the best of intentions but without careful study of conditions, that this Advisory Board should recommend drastic cuts in bag limits and seasons, not because waterfowl are decreasing (they are increasing), but because population is increasing. Such a method of applying game protective remedies is unsound because it is illogical, haphazard, and restrictive, rather than administrative, based on a study of the situation. We may have complete confidence that the Secretary, having the administrative authority, **will so use it as to maintain the full number of waterfowl that the food supply will support.**

The evidence gathered by the Biological Survey, the active administrator of the law, is that waterfowl are rapidly increasing to the limits of the food supply. Should they be permitted to increase beyond it, wholesale starvation and death to vast numbers would follow. **Because marshes and feeding grounds have been and are being drained,** the food supply for waterfowl is decreasing. Should this continue, ducks could not be maintained at their present numbers and there would be serious danger of great loss. To prevent such a calamity it has been necessary to have the Game Refuge and Public Shooting Grounds bill introduced in Congress. Its main purpose is to find a means of preserving and administering the feeding areas of wildfowl. It is supported by all sportsmen in this country and its enactment into law is a vital necessity to the perpetuation of our wildfowl.

Limited administration of game by state game commissions is gradually being realized in many state laws. It has usually taken the form of conditional powers to curtail or prohibit the killing of game. Even this is a step in advance and the results have been most favorable. But as yet no state understands the significance and value of complete administration of its game, and **until the advantages of it are clearly recognized we cannot hope for rapid progress in accomplishing it.**

The Izaak Walton League has caused to be presented in Congress a most worthy bill setting aside as a refuge for wild life, including plants and fish, the Upper Mississippi National Wild Life Refuge, to be administered exclusively and unconditionally by the Secretaries of Agriculture and of Commerce. This is a project of Game Administration, and nothing is more encouraging than the fact that this League of large and wide national membership should **thus recognize the necessity of the administration of game.**

To assist the administration of wild life in this country we have the Biological Survey, a Bureau of the Department of Agriculture. From the time of its establishment, thirty-nine years ago, it has intensively studied wild life and all problems connected with it, including game protective practice, administration, and legislation. It is the highest authority in the country on all matters pertaining to wild life. It has cooperated with every game protective organization, Federal, State, local, and private. It is the great clearing house of information on these subjects. No other country has a government bureau of this kind. When game administration shall be undertaken, the advice and expert knowl-

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edge of this bureau are available. When it shall have advanced, the cooperation of the Biological Survey will be invaluable. It has a great force of experienced, technical experts in exterminating predatory animals. Its wide outlook and knowledge will be of the greatest advantage in assisting the states to coordinate all their activities in dealing with game administration problems.

Along with game administration should be included that of all wild life, birds, fish, and fur-bearing animals. A discussion of these, however, is not within the scope of this paper.

Enough has been said, we hope, to **show the necessity of game administration and the possibilities of finally establishing it.** But we must clearly face the difficulties involved in accomplishing it. Our present historical game protective policies have become the custom of our thought, and cannot easily be changed. Some state constitutions may not permit the delegation of sufficient authority to game commissions, and states may pause before they recognize the necessity of ceding such administration to commissions and to the Forest Service. Other difficulties might be mentioned; **and yet, whatever the obstacles, it is not impossible finally to overcome them.** It is a matter of education. Advanced ideas of game conservation have often grown slowly, and even when understood their practical realization has been slow. **The very necessity for Game Administration should stimulate all to work for it.** But it must come gradually, step by step, each one gained showing such advantages that the next will be reached more rapidly.

All magazines devoted to outdoor life and recreation should substitute the term **Game Administration** for game protection and serve as propagandists for the idea. They should become the leaders in advancing it. All sportsmen should study it and reflect on its significance and advantages. **It should be made a topic of discussion in all meetings and gatherings held to promote the purposes of recreation, and every possible means should be taken to get it into the thoughts of the people.**

Finally, there is one fact which should be clearly understood and settled affirmatively in the minds of all. We should all have the highest ideals, but game conservation must be regarded not from a sentimental **but from a supremely practical point of view.** With its future full of dangers, the fate of game must not be risked to await the fulfillment of every ideal we have nurtured for its preservation. Before they can be realized the game will disappear. What is needed is to advocate the best action that is practically possible. At present in this country there is a tendency—apparently very wide because of the publicity given to it, but in reality very limited—to advocate preserving game exclusively for aesthetic purposes. This view seeks to exclude sport as one of the cardinal purposes of game conservation. Such views, however sincere and well meaning, not only cannot produce effective results, but they harm and actually retard the progress of game conservation. The great majority of interested people work to conserve game so that it may serve all its purposes. Nearly all the actual workers for game conservation wish, if possible, to enjoy sport, but at the same time they have due regard for the other purposes to be served by game. These are the only persons who have the power to save the game and perpetuate its numbers, and any policy which might tend to discourage their active interest would, in the end, have no other result than game destruction.

Therefore, a fundamental problem of effective game conservation is the attainment of a practical attitude of mind which squarely faces these facts. If, with such an attitude of mind, we shall adopt as our goal the conservation of game for all its purposes, with Game Administration as a means of accomplishing it, shall seek a policy of National Recreation to increase the recreational spirit of the people, and shall work actively and perseveringly toward these ends, **we may feel confident of perpetuating the future supply of our game.**

"I AM GOING FISHING"

A GREAT soul and a great mind passed when Frank Irving Cobb died. As editor of the New York World his pen did more than any other to direct thought in America into the channels of clearness and liberalism. Those who knew him only through his editorials and editorial direction were deprived of the knowledge of his almost Elizabethan sweep and size.

His intimacies ran from Lloyd George and Clemenceau to the ward politician. Those of us who were his daily associates and who had fished Moosehead Lake with him knew the scope of the man.

In his passing he hit upon a phrase (as he was always able to do, naturally, not the result of manufacture) which seems to me to be infinitely better than many which have become part of the world's history. And in this case the remark has the virtue of not being apocryphal.

Just before he died he raised himself in his bed and pulling off the sweater he was wearing said, "I am going fishing."

He never spoke again.

If ever a man deserved a full creel it was Frank Cobb.

ROLLIN KIRBY

The Children Ask Us

WONDERING children, in a rural school at Brandon, Wis., ask a question:

"The heritage of our grandfathers was the buffalo and wild pigeon; the heritage of our fathers is the goose and duck, the muskrat and the mink. If the animals of today are not protected and provided for, what shall be left for us?"

In the names of the mothers and fathers of these United States we answer that question:

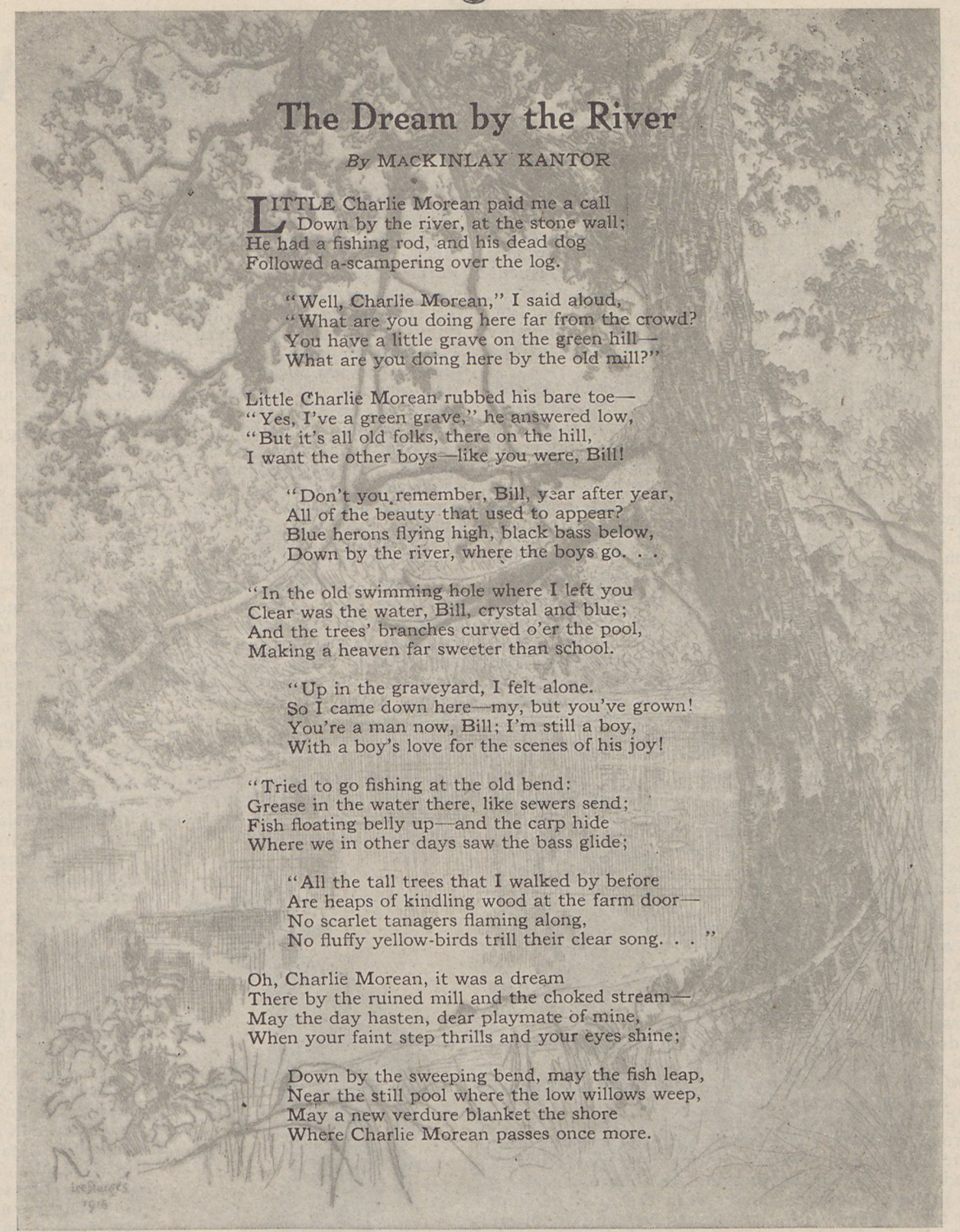
"Nothing shall be left for you. We will dig our drainage ditches through your marshlands and swamps and drive before us your water-fowl and your hyla. Our fires shall sweep over your woodlands, searing the last of your song birds and scorching out the dens of your foxes and your wolves. We will cut the fringes of your timber, far in the northland, starving your moose and your elk. As we denude your land we will bake dry your pools and your lakes, your rivers and brooks.

"Your heritage shall be desolation—a land swept clear of sheltering trees. As in distant China, floods shall come down upon you, killing you by thousands, scattering your bodies over a parched countryside. Your agriculture shall be a combat with insect hordes and, at the last, they will strip you bare—for, without birds there can be no agriculture and we shall kill your birds. These things shall be your heritage. But with them we will give you steel and bricks and stone—man-made things on a land desecrated in the name of civilization and progress.

"Thus are we dealing with your patrimony and, in the name of prosperity and profit, we promise you these—you, who are our children!"

An Editorial from The Milwaukee Journal.

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.



The Dream by the River

By MACKINLAY KANTOR

LITTLE Charlie Morean paid me a call
Down by the river, at the stone wall;
He had a fishing rod, and his dead dog
Followed a-scampering over the log.

"Well, Charlie Morean," I said aloud,
"What are you doing here far from the crowd?
You have a little grave on the green hill—
What are you doing here by the old mill?"

Little Charlie Morean rubbed his bare toe—
"Yes, I've a green grave," he answered low,
"But it's all old folks, there on the hill,
I want the other boys—like you were, Bill!

"Don't you remember, Bill, year after year,
All of the beauty that used to appear?
Blue herons flying high, black bass below,
Down by the river, where the boys go. . .

"In the old swimming hole where I left you
Clear was the water, Bill, crystal and blue;
And the trees' branches curved o'er the pool,
Making a heaven far sweeter than school.

"Up in the graveyard, I felt alone.
So I came down here—my, but you've grown!
You're a man now, Bill; I'm still a boy,
With a boy's love for the scenes of his joy!

"Tried to go fishing at the old bend:
Grease in the water there, like sewers send;
Fish floating belly up—and the carp hide
Where we in other days saw the bass glide;

"All the tall trees that I walked by before
Are heaps of kindling wood at the farm door—
No scarlet tanagers flaming along,
No fluffy yellow-birds trill their clear song. . . "

Oh, Charlie Morean, it was a dream
There by the ruined mill and the choked stream—
May the day hasten, dear playmate of mine,
When your faint step thrills and your eyes shine;

Down by the sweeping bend, may the fish leap,
Near the still pool where the low willows weep,
May a new verdure blanket the shore
Where Charlie Morean passes once more.

Mrs. Francis E. Whitley, Chairman Conservation Natural Resources, General Federation of Women's Clubs, through whose influence the official endorsement of the Federation was given the League's Upper Mississippi Wild Life and Fish Refuge Bill (copy of Bill on page 340), sends us a message:

THERE is something very interesting, very inspiring, perhaps, in noting the splendid response of the women's organizations of the country to the appeal sent out asking for their co-operation in securing the National Wild Life Preserve on the upper Mississippi. From every section of the country come these letters calling upon the congressmen to help secure the passage of this bill, which will protect from destruction these lowlands, these ponds and lagoons, so valuable as a source of food supplies, as reservoirs which which help to regulate and hold back the flood waters of the great river; so priceless in their possibilities as a recreation ground for the people of the whole land. The last mail, for instance, brought letters from woman's clubs or federations in Minnesota, Montana, Georgia and Ohio, telling of action that had been taken to secure support for the bill.

This response is perhaps more noteworthy because a very small proportion of the women who are thus lending their co-operation are not themselves interested in fishing or hunting. They recognize that this is not a sectional matter, but that a principle is involved which is of interest to the whole country: Shall the good of all be sacrificed to the pecuniary profit of a few? Shall the lovers of nature allow one after another of the elements of beauty and use to be stripped away by a short sighted policy which sacrifices future good for immediate gain?

We are glad to believe that the victory of this bill will mean more than securing the preservation of this tract, so valuable from every point of view; we are hoping that its passage may serve as a definite announcement that there are some of us yet who are determined to try to save for our children, our country, as we have known it.

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

When Live Bait-fishing Was an Art

Among my fishing stories this is my favorite and is reprinted from Outers'-Recreation, Dec., 1921

By WILL H. DILG

Illustrations by Frank Stick and Mary Briggs

IT was dark and silent and the old Southern home looked ghostly in the hush preceding the trembling dawn of morning. The tall avenue of evergreens leading to the colonial columns stood motionless, wrapt in a blue-gray mist, and seemed to be waiting for something they knew was coming soon. Suddenly a light shone dimly through the window panes of the summer kitchen.

Let us enter and find out what is happening at this hour. Two old darkies are quietly talking. "Look heah, you Hiram, it's mos' foah o'clock. Now you go and wake up Ole Mastah and step sof' up dem stairs and don' you dar stumble and wake Ole Miss."

The black man hesitated for a minute and then said coaxingly: "Hannah, honey, wish you'd ask Ole Mastah if I caint fish wid him today. Honey, I'se pow'ful hungry for a mess o' cats."

Hiram silently crossed the dew-soaked lawn and quietly opened one of the side door entrances. In those days burglars were unknown in Old Kentucky. Hiram, remembering Hannah's advice, walked up the steps with the greatest of care, stopping twice because of the crackings and groanings common to old houses. Holding the lighted candle above his head, he made his way by slow approach to a certain door and softly knocked. One knock was enough. A kindly voice answered, and the old man went down the steps and back to the kitchen.

Let us, for a moment, enter the room of the early riser. A tall oldish man is seen raising the blinds and looking out at the awakening world. But he has little time for gazing. The day looks promising and he must hasten, for he has vowed to reach the river by five and already the pink of the morn is here. Dressing quickly he steps from the room and softly goes down the stairs, quickening his steps as he reaches the bottom and enters a large dining-room. Hannah is waiting, and as he breakfasts, says: "Dat Ole Hiram is a bustin' to go a fishin' wid you dis mawnin' and I hopes you will let him go, Sah. I'se mighty hungry for a mess o' cats." Smilingly, Hannah is told that Hiram would be permitted to go. "But tell the old rascal to bring feed for the horse."

"He done dat a'ready and his fishin' poles is a leaning agin de kitchen dis minute."

"Have you put up plenty of luncheon for two?"

"Yes Sah, dar's plenty fo' both."

Our fisherman hastens to the hall and raises a large creel from the floor, thoughtfully placed there the evening previous and steps into the new-born day. Hiram waits with the horse and buggy. As they drive along the air is dewy and hazy, heavy with the odor of June flowers and flooded with the awakening song of birds. A cardinal precedes them as they draw nigh to the river as though curious to know the occasion. A pretty sight he makes as he wings his flight along the river, darting here and there like a streak of flame. After a drive of some two miles Hiram is told to stop, and the tall old man lightly steps down.

Let us attempt a picture of him as he withdraws his rod from the buggy bed and affixes his reel this June morning of 1854. He is tall and as straight as an Indian, his forehead high, his skin fair, his hair white as silver and so too are his mustache and goatee —plainly a fine type of the Nordic Southern gentleman of ante-bellum days.

The reel he has chosen has chased upon it "B. F. Meek, Frankfort, Ky." The man is dressed in hunting clothes. His breeches are those of a horseman, and he wears riding boots. The pockets of his coat are bulging with tackle, for the old time fishermen needed many things of which we modern bait-casters have no need. The item of floats is one. He has no less than six in these capacious pockets, each one intended for a certain kind of water. Now that we are about it, we might as well give you his name, and I can assure you that he is proud of it. A United States Senator who signed the Constitution of the United States was one of his ancestors. Our angler's name is Mr. Thomas Williamson of Barren County, Ky. It is evident that he is of pure Anglo-Saxon blood. His ancestors were Virginia and Carolina cavaliers, and were fishermen to a man. One of his kinsmen, Captain Thomas Williamson, had written a book on the art of fishing, London, 1808.

It may surprise you to learn that in all America at that time there were not over one hundred men who knew how to cast direct from a free-running reel. It may also be a surprise to you to be told that practically every one of those one hundred bait-casters were Kentuckians. There were a few in Old Virginia and one or two along the Cumberland in Tennessee. So, sirs, it is to be hoped that you fully appreciate the importance of Mr. Thomas Williamson. He and a few others were the fathers of art in fishing in this Republic. They caused the first free-running reel to be made, and the one they encouraged by their patronage in those brave days is still one of the two best bait-casting reels today. Therefore, do not doubt that it is a privilege to spend a June morning in the good company of our angler.

After deftly lashing the reel in position, he carefully threads the line through the guides, first putting on the lightest click. When this is finished to his satisfaction, you will notice that the rod is of one piece, is light and measures about twelve feet, beautifully tapering. Its weight is ten ounces. Please note his line. You never saw such a bait-casting line before and you never will again

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because the art of making them has been forgotten. It is of light green linen and has been carefully boiled in oil to the fraction of a second. It is almost transparent, and is soft and pliant.

Now watch closely, because it is important for you to know how our ancestors went a-bassing. To the end of the line he knots a five-foot braided white horsehair leader, and it is perfectly made. He reaches into his pocket and takes out a snuff box, opens it and selects a small split shot. Every shot has been moulded by himself at odd times during the winter while idling by the big fireplace. The shot is fastened about five inches above the leader's end.

He reaches into an inside coat pocket and brings forth a long leather pocketbook, unstraps it and critically examines his supply of hooks. He decides upon a No. 2-o Sproat. This is tied below the shot with a neat small knot. He now walks to the river side and plumbs for depth. Reaching into one of his side pockets he brings forth five or six floats. Each is a thing of beauty—a long thin one, gracefully tapering to almost a sharp point so it may slip into the water and cause no more than the very slightest of ripples, is selected. His rod is then leaned against a tree, and the black man is standing ready with his boots. These are drawn on and they reach almost to his hips. His creel is now fastened to his back and strapped by the willing Hiram who is plainly anxious to get to "catting." It has already been lined by his faithful servitor with cool moss gathered from a near-by spring.

Did I say everything is now ready? If I did, I spoke too soon. Everything is not ready. The all important has not as yet been decided, for surely, as you will admit, bait is all important. Our angler had about concluded, as he drove to the river, to start with a long-legged green and brown grasshopper but after gazing at the heavens he decided that as the day has turned into a misty gray, it will be better to chance it with a crayfish, leaving the hopper for a time when the sun shines out and grasshoppers are on the wing.

A crayfish is taken from a small box with holes in it that has helped to cause our angler's pockets to bulge so much. He then lightly fastens the crayfish to the hook in such a manner that it will not be killed. Now, pray do not make the mistake of thinking all these preparations took as long as it has taken to describe. Ten minutes at the most from the time Williamson reaches the river's side, he is making his first cast.

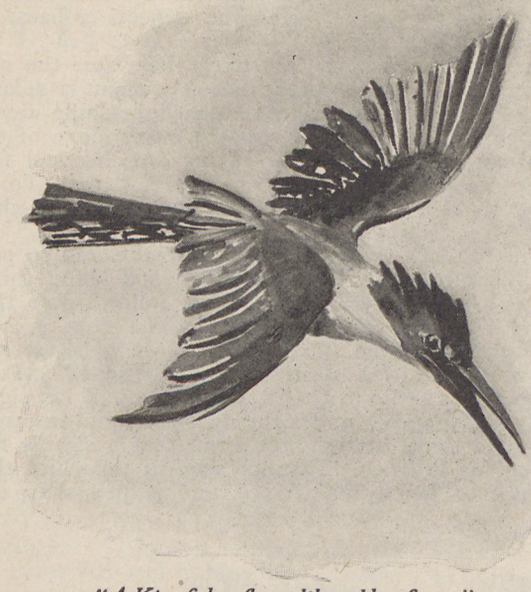
Our angler steps into the water, and as he does it he makes a pleasant picture. Soon he reaches a castable spot. It is alongside two moss-grown limestone rocks.

Here the water is rather deep and the current extra fast. The distance is first approximated, and then with a sweeping side cast the bait is sent forth upon its mission. It is his purpose to drop his crayfish about eight feet above the limestone rock, thus giving his bait time to sink before his float, carried by the current, closely passes the rocks. Here he expects a bass, or perhaps a "jack-salmon."

Just as the bait is about to touch the water the reel is checked and it eases gently into it without a splash. The cast is to his satisfaction, and a slight smile creeps over his fine face, but his eyes watch every move of the float. Meanwhile he is gently paying out line just fast enough to keep control in the event of a strike. To do this properly is a delicate art and essential to first-class live bait river fishing.

He finds no fish near the rocks, however, and so permits his float to make for some driftwood about thirty feet below the two limestones, slowly following so that too much line may not be in use. The float is now caught in an eddy and carried by it close to shore and is then slowly swirled alongside the driftwood. As it bobs along about the drifts, it is never out of his sight. Suddenly it disappears under the driftwood and instantly his educated sense of sight tells him that a sizable fish has taken his crayfish. Instinct as well tells him that the instant to strike has arrived, and with a sharp lift of the rod he proves it. His rod bends into a curve; he steps back a pace or two, meanwhile not giving the fish an inch. The test of his tackle is necessary, because if the fish is permitted to wrap itself around the snags sure to be under the driftwood, it will mean a lost fish and damaged tackle.

Fortunately, the drawing strain Williamson puts on causes the fish to attempt the use of the current. This the fish does and the reel sings a song that only an 1850 Meek reel can sing. Out comes the fish with a splendid sideways and slashing break. Closer and closer the telling rod brings it forward, until at last, now on its side, its white belly occasionally showing, the reel brings it to the angler. Now it is within a few feet of our angler, a spent fish, fought



"A Kingfisher flares like a blue fire—."

out to a finish. At this point he carefully leans over, raises the tip of the rod, and slowly and cautiously draws the fighter to his waiting left hand. His fingers are deftly slipped under the open gills, and he sees that it has been fairly hooked in the upper jaw. A big knife is quickly taken from his bulging pockets, and one or two sharp raps given on the head end the battle. For a moment Williamson admiringly looks at the fish and then raising the lid of his creel gently lays it on the cool moss. The first bass of the day, and a good three pounds.

Williamson retraces his steps to the other shore, picking his way with care into easy water. Here a small creek murmurs into the river, forming a quiet crystal pool. Our angler looks down into it and sees lusty chub minnows playing about. He leans his rod against the big limestones piled high on the river bank, while he cuts and strips a seven-foot willow. He then takes from his pocket a spool of cotton thread and ties about six feet of it to the tip of the willow. Out comes the long pocketbook, and a tiny hook is found and tied to the thread. Now for a bait—this is, however, quickly settled by killing a small crayfish, and a speck of the white tail meat put on the hook. In a minute a five-inch chub is caught. Our angler smiles, goes to his ten-foot rod and removes the chub from the minnow hook. He hooks it through the lips and moves on down the river, being careful to keep the chub always in the water uninjured.

The current now swings to the other bank and runs along a ledge of straight up and down limestone rocks. For centuries the river has thrown its weight against this stubborn buttress and has modeled it to its will. These are good grounds from which he has taken many a war-like small-mouth. Here, for a distance of fifty rods or more, occur a series of deep holes, and Williamson takes off the float he had been using and puts on the largest one in his pockets. He also adds two heavy buck shot so that his float may ride well. This is a difficult piece of water to fish properly and the casts must be far, not to speak of the necessity of nursing his line and float, which now often will be one hundred and fifty feet or more from where our angler stands.

The first cast is made directly across the stream but inclining a little up river. As before, the cast has been neatly done, only this time, the float, because of its size, splashes up the water a little. It soon rights itself and swirls and turns as the current hurries it along. Now and again it is caught in little whirlpools, and even though the float is large, it is at times sucked under the water.

Patiently, however, the angler lets out and takes in line as the current plays with his float. Again it is whirling around showing the full length of the floater. While our angler watches the float, the thought occurs to him how likewise the river of life deals with humans. In a flash the floater disappears, and his practiced eye tells him it is not caused by the churning eddy.

"Acts like a jack-salmon," he softly murmurs to himself, and he artistically gives out some twenty feet of line. His float now has been under the water for some sixty seconds or more. Now it appears in a quieter quarter over a hundred and twenty-five feet away, but almost instantly it again disappears, and every atom of our angler is at attention. Slowly he gives out line and, glancing at the spool of his reel, sees the peril of giving forth much more. His thumb therefore presses down a little harder; and just before the line is taut, he sets his thumb down hard and strikes with a long, quick, upward motion.

The great bend of the rod proves he is into a heavy fish. Steadily it pulls and digs down deep, making use of the best of the current. At last it starts to yield, and it seems for a second or two as though the fish admits complete defeat, but only for a second. The first part of the opening battle has been fought. Now we come to the middle battle. The fish, however, is weakening, but still a hundred feet downstream. The third stage of the fight has now been reached—and this is, perhaps, the most difficult of all. Slowly our angler backs toward the opposite bank, occasionally taking a fleeting glance to see if it is possible to beach the fish. About thirty feet downstream he sees a sloping, sandy bar and resolves to beach his fish there.

Williamson is now convinced that he is fast to perhaps a fifteen-pound "jack-salmon," and to say that he wants the fish mightily is putting it mildly. Slowly he takes in line, steadily backing towards the shore. He now has the fish rolling, and he senses that the time for quick but sure action has arrived.

Hastening his backward steps, he quickly reels his rolling and almost completely beaten fish, now in plain sight, closer to the shore. How beautiful is its ivory white belly and how red its gills showing beneath the iridescent pinkish white of the lower jaws!

Slowly the fish is led to shallow water and deftly drawn on the yellow sands. The rod is laid aside and the hook released from where it is firmly set in the muscled side of the jaw. Our angler again makes use of the heavy knife. Then the sand is washed from the fish and again the capacious coat pockets are resorted to and a pair of scales brought forth.

The "jack-salmon" pulls the indicator to eleven pounds and three ounces. As he looks at the fish, Williamson thinks how beautiful are its golden sides and how marvelously the greens blend into deep blue greens along the dorsal fin and back. This splendid fish has been caught in a crystal clear and cold river. No wonder its flesh is hard and firm. Our angler resolves then and there to have it prepared according to Izaak Walton's

"A Cardinal darts here and there—."

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recipe and the closing lines come to his mind: "And now, Sir Piscator, I have taught Thee the art of taking and preparing the pike which makes a dish fit only for anglers or very honest men."

Williamson now is confronted with getting his pike into his creel, and he mentally blesses that ancestor of his for furnishing the family this heirloom of capacious size. By bending the pike until its head and tail meet, he manages to get it into the basket. With a smile he looks at his watch. It is scarcely nine and he has three full hours of river to fish before he is to meet Hiram. Therefore, he blithely gathers up his rod and turns toward the opposite shore.

The sun now occasionally breaks through the racing clouds and the river seems to be a mass of shredded sunbeams where here and there it shines upon the swiftly dancing stream. A kingfisher flares like a blue fire past him and seems to be scolding. He pauses for an instant and drinks in the beautiful surroundings. Occasionally he jerks up his shoulders because he is beginning to feel the weight of the creel and its contents, but it is a pleasing burden. Was it not for this that he started forth on this fair June morning? Besides, he already takes delight in the thought that even though he fails to take another fish, his day has been far from a blank.

This time he again decides to change bait and once more he draws on the contents of his pockets. A small box, peppered with holes, is brought forth and there among the plantain leaves a helgramite is extracted and properly hooked. No waiting this time before the strike because the instant the floater disappears it means strike or else the fish will pouch the bait, and Williamson is far too adept often to commit this, the chief crime of live bait fishermen.

Our angler slowly makes his way down the river, and around the bend he discovers a feeding bass. First he changes floats, this time using one of medium size but almost round. This water, his eyes assure him, requires just this sort of a float. The bass is slashing away at minnows and is of considerable size. Again he makes the long side cast and drops his bait close to four feet above where he last saw the bass feeding. He has cast well and in the proper spot, for no sooner has his float righted itself than it is jerked beneath the water—and as quickly our angler strikes. For an instant only he held the fish, losing it on the first break. He retrieved his line, fully knowing it would be folly again to try to take this fish with a helgramite. Retracing his steps and sitting down on a shelving rock, he lights his pipe. A painter chancing along at this moment could scarcely dream of a more perfect model of the contemplative angler. Williamson's heart is bubbling over with kindness and his sight and ears are charmed by the eternal music of the swiftly running stream.

As our angler rests and smokes, and feels the love for God's Big Outdoors, he once more searches his pockets, and this time produces another small box; carefully he peeps beneath the lid and as carefully brings forth one of the large green grasshoppers with which he had intended to start the morning. Quickly he pries off the two split buck shots. Now he puts on the tiniest of floats and affixes it not more than three feet above the hook. Slowly he rises and makes his way back to where he lost the big bass. This time he cautiously wades into the stream until the water almost seeps over the tops of his boots. Again the side cast, and his "hopper" lightly strikes the water at about the same spot as did the helgramite. Several times he makes the cast, searching everywhere with his float to locate the fish.

At last, convinced that the big bass will not strike, he proceeds upstream, mentally deciding later to try for him with a cricket. He wades on for two rods, and then is compelled to feel his way carefully to the other side of the river, where the water is less deep. He goes to shore and again lights his pipe—and it is now plain that he is thinking deeply. The truth is, he is planning ways and means to catch the big bass he failed to hook successfully. Suddenly he arises and walks up the slope of a hill, crosses the road, climbs a rail fence and steps into an oatfield. His eyes are glued to the ground as though searching for something. At last he finds what he seeks. Draw close now and you will see that there is a smile playing upon his face. Now look at the spot close to the rail fence where his eyes are fastened and you will find a field mouse nest containing four young mice. He has scared the mother mouse away as he approached. The babies are almost ready to leave the nest and shift for themselves. Carefully he grasps the largest between his thumb and forefinger. He turns toward the river and quickens his steps as he draws near. He removes the grasshopper from his hook and then carefully ties the mouse to it. In no way is it pricked by the hook, and so artistically does he do it that the mouse has the freedom of its legs. Then he removes the split shot and the float.

Carefully carrying the little rodent so that it cannot bite and remains uninjured, he hurriedly makes for the spot where the big bass holds forth. Again he wades in to the limit of his boots. He is ready now to make the cast, but first he strips off enough line to cover the distance from where he stands to the place where the bass feeds. Gently the mouse is pitched into the river and, as he suspected, it swims lustily. It does not, however, go far—there is a splash and it is snapped under. The rod is sharply jerked upward and the hook firmly set. The battle is long and fierce, but at last the big fish surrenders—a beautiful small-mouth of four pounds, eight ounces. After putting it in his creel our angler decides he has had enough sport for one day, and slowly he picks his way to the opposite shore. After reaching it he looks at his watch and sees that it is close to the time for him to meet old Hiram.

The close to twenty pounds of fish are now plainly felt, but as the distance is short, he soon arrives at the meeting place. Hiram unstraps the creel, hefts it and says, "Mah goodness, Mastah, you all shore mus' have a big cat in dar." The old darky's eyes roll at the sight of the contents of the creel. "Dat shore am a fine ketch, Mastah. Dese poles ob mine mus' be vodooed, and I 'spect dat air Tricky Sam have put a spell on dem becase dat air ole float of mine done nuffin but stan' right on de top ob de watah."

"Hurry up that fire and put on the coffee, I'm hungry as a bear," commands Williamson. And, while Hiram is busy, our angler walks down to where the old darky has set his poles, pulls up one and puts on the largest crayfish he has, after which he returns and opens the lunch basket. Soon the coffee is hot and the two eat as only two hungry fishermen can eat. Then they light their pipes and quietly smoke. Suddenly Old Hiram jumps up and runs to his rod. Williamson's eyes follow him, and he sees the old darky holding on to a bending pole for dear life. He also sees that Hiram is fast to a big catfish and notes that only a heavy fish could put such a bend into the weighty rod.

"Stay with him, old rascal," advises Williamson, "but don't hold him too tight or he will break you."

"I'se stayin' wid him," gasps the old darky, as he leans back and pulls up with all his strength causing the pole to bend almost double. The fish resents such rough handling and rushes downstream—when pop goes the pole, breaking off sharp just below where the line is fastened.

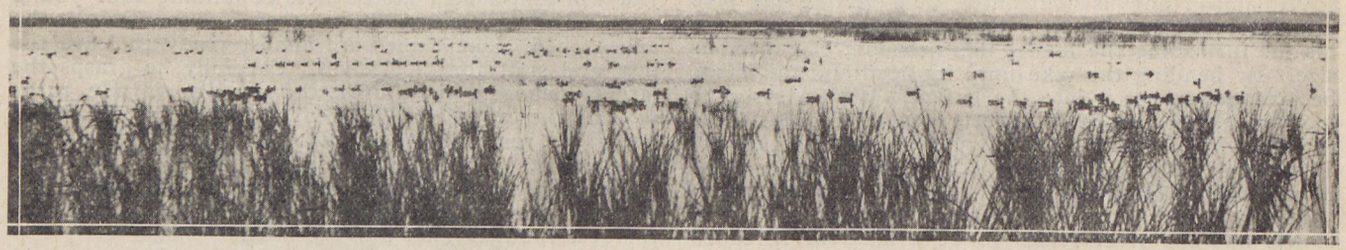
"Drat yah—drat yah! Yoah ole muley bull, yoah done brak mah bes' pole," angrily looking at the butt he still holds.

Williamson, now on the river bank, is searching down river to see if Hiram's pole will reappear. In about a minute he locates it a hundred feet or more, inclining towards some driftwood. Hiram also sees it, and jumping up and down, says: "Mastah, Mastah, what am ah goin' do now?"

"Here is where you stop doing anything. I'm going to wade in down below and see if I can't save the fish."

He hurries down the bank and soon steps into the water at a shallow spot just a little below where he sees Hiram's pole, now caught in the driftwood. Wading as rapidly as possible, he soon reaches the place and grasps the pole. The fish is still firmly hooked and is tugging away with great strength. Williamson smiles

(Continued on page 382)



A paradise for wild fowl. Scene on Horicon Marsh taken twenty-four years ago

The Desecration of Horicon Lake

A Plea for Restoration of a One-Time Wilderness Paradise

By FRED LUENING

HORICON Marsh spreads its 40,000 or more acres, covering an area 4 to 6 miles wide and about 15 miles in length, over southeastern Wisconsin. It lies within easy driving distance from Milwaukee and well within the driving radius of Chicago.

Through these metropolitan centers there once poured a joyous stream of huntsmen and lovers of the out-of-doors. They came to the Horicon Lake—for time was when the Horicon marsh was the world's greatest artificial lake.

Blue waters spread over its 40,000 or more acres. Ducks swarmed upon them. Muskrat and mink throve at the shores. Fish played in the reed banks. Wilderness creatures found refuge and food and shelter on Horicon Lake.

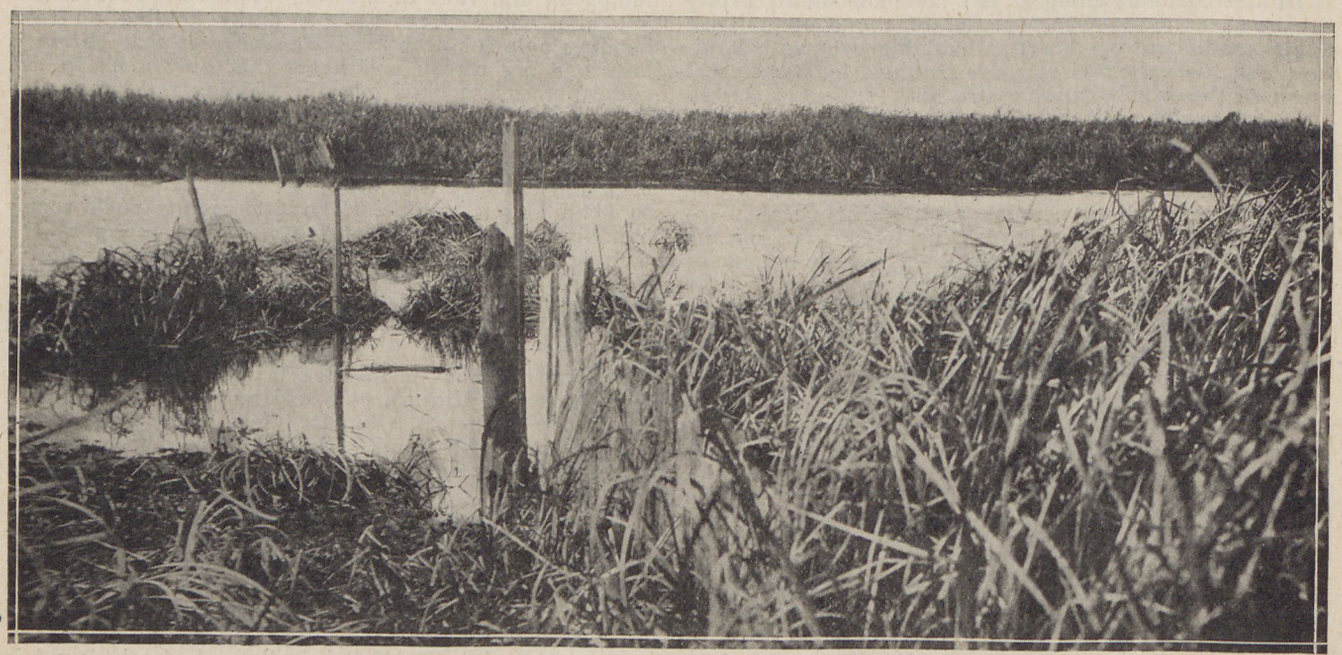
Came a time in 1868 when the dam at Horicon was taken out. Horicon Lake sagged from its shores. It flowed away, through the Rock River. But a hundred little lakes remained, more beautiful, perhaps, than ever and quite as rich in bird and animal life.

Came a period in 1909 when an effort was made to restore Horicon Lake. Prominent business men of Horicon, Watertown, and Janesville, Wis., and Rockford, Ill., conceived a plan to reconstruct the dam at Horicon. The lake thus created would not only be restored to its old time loveliness but would also hold back the tremendous flood waters that rushed down upon these helpless cities every spring doing damage in untold thousands. The Horicon Lake Association (Incorporated) was organized to accomplish that purpose but due to the clamor of drainage promoters and drainage engineers the plan was finally abandoned.

Came another period—beginning somewhere before 1909—when drainage engineers dreamed of farms and drainage promoters schemed for profits. Between them they succeeded in digging a great ditch through the Horicon marsh. That ditch became a vampire stream. It has bled white the Horicon Marsh. It has left only dreary desolation.

Pools and streams and bayous, ducks and geese and wilderness creatures are gone. Nor have farms come in their place. Rather, there has grown up a tangle of cat-tails and weeds, giving of life or joy to neither man nor wilderness denizen.

Clustered about the dead Horicon marsh are towns



The sad remnants of the old Diana dam. After the great Horicon Lake was ruined a big spread of good marsh remained, containing many pools and bayous. The Diana Shooting Club built a small dam in one of the water courses and made a second lake that offered feeding grounds for thousands of ducks. Drainage promoters dug a ditch near this water, blew out the Diana dam, and ruined the area for wild life

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

and villages—Horicon, Beaver Dam, Mayville, Waupun, Burnett, Juneau, Hustisford and many others. In them dwell thousands who look daily upon a drainage crime that has wrecked a virgin loveliness and given nothing in return. They know that drainage has failed. They have seen the marsh, in semi-drained state for 15 years. They have stood by while drainage advocates had, not merely their day but nearly two full decades, wherein to demonstrate what benefit drainage might yield and what promises it might fulfill. And they have come to learn that, for all the beauty and wilderness charm that has been taken from them, there has been returned no single farm, no single cultivated acre, no single crop worthy of the name.

Wherefore these thousands—supported by hundreds of thousands of other people in their state—are now pleading for a return to old conditions. They have a simple plan—a plan that is not costly, that offers no serious obstacles. It is a plan needing only adequate public and official support to become reality. And, in furtherment of that plan, this little folder is prepared.

Pages might be written on the romance and beauty of the Horicon Marsh—the old lake, broadening majestically where the Rock River entered it; the later marsh, with its hidden nooks, its fern-drooped bogs, its rice beds. More might be written of the pilgrimages that came each year—out of Chicago, out of the east from New York, out of the west and the south—to thrill at the call of the mallard and the honk of the Canada goose. But this document attempts rather to set forth simple facts.

Horicon Lake can be restored by building an inexpensive dam at Horicon. The waters thus held back would flood only waste land—the land that has been drained but that has yielded nothing for fifteen years.

No individual would suffer material loss of any kind if this restoration were accomplished. Any claimed losses would be highly theoretical and could be based on potential values alone. Potential values have been tested for 15 years without demonstrating anything.

The lake, thus recreated, would be within easy reach of populations totalling millions. Chicago and Milwaukee alone, disregarding more immediate residents, would profit by the restored beauty and lake shore facilities that would be established.

Properly protected, there is every reason to believe that the lake promptly would again become a haven for the ducks and geese and other waterfowl that once swarmed over it. Properly guarded it would offer a breeding place, eminently suited for the propagation of wild life and serving as a feeder for hundreds of other waters in the mid-western United States.

The last stand of the muskrats in Malzahn's Bay on Horicon Marsh. A hundred thousand of these fur bearers once swarmed over the marsh. Today a pitiful handful is desperately struggling to escape the traps that line every runway and watercourse. Note the forked stick. A trap lies at the end of it. There is a small forest of these small sticks everywhere on the marsh. Fall trapping will exterminate the last of these water denizens if Wisconsin allows it for one more year

This is the crop that drainage produced—acres—miles of cattails. Seared and brown and crackling, they spread away to east and west and north and south. On all the marsh there is nothing more fruitful, nothing more worthy, either to feed or shelter the wild life that was, nor yet to offer man, in the form of cultivated crops

The restoration and protection of this area cannot be accomplished by private initiative. Direct purchase of the lands may not prove feasible and protection of game on the restored lake can not be accomplished without aid from proper authorities.

The present laws provide no means to conserve fish and game and natural refuges. There is, however, before the United States Congress a bill popularly known as the "Federal Public Shooting Ground and Bird Refuge Act," that will give over this function to the Department of Agriculture.

This bill, now before Congress, means not one cent additional taxes to anyone. The sportsman bears every cent of expense, and this very small at that. It provides that every hunter shall pay a Federal license fee of $1.00 per year, and it is this money that will be used to buy or lease these wild places as refuges and place them under Federal control. It is the hope and ambition of the Izaak Walton League that the Horicon Marsh territory will be the first purchase made under this Act. The land owners whose acres are taken for these purposes will be paid their actual value. It is plain, therefore, that there is no good reason why this bill should not become a law. There is no argument against it. Surely the hunter will not protest—no one else can.

(Continued on page 386)

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

The Lost Legend

A Chronicle of the Fragm

PAUL BU

Mythical Hero of the

Illustrated
AUDUBO
TYLER

The Camp of The Two Cooks

PART II

IT was some eight months after Ted Cameron had swung into the bunkhouse, thrown his pack on a bunk and spat so unerringly on the newly swept floor, that I found myself trudging along a trail on the north shore of Lake Superior.

It was early July, and the mosquitoes and black flies seemed likely to eat me up; and what with my heavy pack on my back and the perspiration coursing down my face to add more sting to the fly bites, I was not by any means a comfortable person. As I walked along the trail I stopped now and then to look behind me at the big lake, for I was headed straight north from the shore, climbing long hills of rock, my heart set on reaching the Canadian boundary. Before long I had reached the crest of the highlands bordering the lake, and Superior was lost behind me. It seemed then that the forest closed in on me, and I walked in a compressed silence, stopping to observe a partridge here and there, or to drink at a spring.

"Go northeast from the western end of Lake Superior, and keep on going, for I don't know how long, until you find camps in which are many French Canadians, and then you are almost there; and when you at last find that half of the woodsmen are Indians, then you have reached the place, and I am sure that if Bunyan is still alive, his camp is likely to be right around in there."

"Where Half the Men Are Indians, and the Rest Are French-Canucks"

This was what Cameron had told me when I had pressed him for directions for reaching the country of Paul Bunyan, which, as I had gathered from his conversation, he had so often visited. So here I was, carrying a heavy pack, shaking my head vigorously from time to time in a vain attempt to discourage the flies and mosquitoes, dashing the perspiration from my forehead, and wishing I had never heard of this Paul Bunyan.

Through the day I followed the little trail, which, I had learned, was shorter than the tote road, but which seemed long and tortuous to me. The sun mounted high at noon, and blazed down in sullen heat where the trees parted. When the trail led through a particularly dark bit of forest I would drop my pack and rest; and readjust my clothes that were pulled awry by the pack; and wipe my face and hands with a handkerchief soaked in cold spring water. When I did this I found my face covered with caked blood from the bites of the black flies, and lumps were appearing on my forehead and behind my ears. The sun started down again, and the shadows in the forest grew longer; and soon the great orb had set, and dusk was rapidly closing over the woods.

I was casting about for a place to sleep, when I heard the first sounds of a camp.

John Rogers Grows Weary, but Is Spurred on by a Sound of Life in What May Be the Camp of Paul Bunyan

I had stopped to rest, when in the still air of the evening I heard some men either shouting or laughing, a great way off (for I was on a hill), and I heard a horse neigh, and then I knew I was almost there.

But it was a long weary hour later that I reached the camp. The dusk had changed to darkness, and I was tripping over every irregularity in the trail, what with my weary legs and the uncertain light, when at last I entered the clearing on the banks of a river and saw the long low cabins there. From the windows of one bunkhouse there came a light, and there was also light in the cook shanty. All the rest of the buildings were dark.

I made at once for the cook shanty, for you may imagine that I was not only tired, but hungry—in fact, about as hungry as one man (or perhaps I should have said, boy) could be. I found the door wide open, because of the warm evening, and so I went directly inside. There I found the two men whom I have ever since remembered as the Two Cooks, and who made a distinct impression on my life; and whom I can see now, in my mind, just as clearly as I saw them in the flesh on that warm night in the woods.

Such cooks—such men—as they were! How they loomed like mighty sinewed giants sweating there in the flickering light that came from the fireboxes—grate tenders of Hades they were, stoking the fires, and clean-

agmentary History of one

BUNYAN

the American Forests

As Told by John Rogers to His Grandson, and Compiled by

DONALD HOUGH

strated by
UDUBON
TYLER

ing the instruments of torture! They wore their caps at jaunty angles, and their sleeves were rolled up almost to their shoulders, giving free play to the muscles of their arms. They wore white aprons, too, and I remember thinking, as I stood there in the doorway, how strange it was to see these men who looked like apparitions, and still to hear the sharp bite of their calks in the pine floor as they moved about.

The Business of Eating Becomes a Major Consideration in the Life of John Rogers.

Both of them looked at me, but neither said a word, or nodded, or otherwise greeted me or paid any attention to me in the least. So I slid rather than walked inside, and sat down as quietly as I could on a flour bin. The cooks were cleaning up the stove, and putting the final touches to the big pans, for their day's work was over. I was painfully conscious of this, and I had worked long enough in a lumber camp to know that many a good man has met his fate while trying to get a bite to eat after the regular hour for dining had passed.

But these were extraordinary cooks, and I remember the wave of thankfulness that surged through me as one of them, after looking me over from tip to toe, threw a dipper of water into the coffee pot (he tossed the dipper of water from a distance of six feet, without spilling a drop on the stove) and then went to the cupboard and returned with two pieces of pie and some brown cake and a pan of beans. These he placed on one corner of a long pine table that apparently served as a place-of-all-work for the cooks, and motioned to me to come. I found a lard pail, and using it as a chair, I pulled up to the food and soon was fully engaged.

As the sharp edge of my appetite wore off I ate leisurely, and found time to cast about the kitchen, and to watch the two cooks. If ever lived two automatons of the kitchen, these two men were they. Without a word they moved about, and I could see that they had worked together for many years. Each seemed to know instinctively what the other intended to do, and this resulted in as pretty a piece of timing (or teamwork) as ever I saw. Like a single machine they moved, and before long they had the work done up, had set the bread to rise, and were all ready for the next meal.

John Rogers Marvels at the Extraordinary Adroitness of the Cooks.

They were, indeed, experts at their trade; for witness how they threw things from a distance and always hit the mark. One of them would walk to the cupboard to get some materials and he would toss them half the way across the kitchen; and I remember seeing the larger of the two throw a lump of lard with a ladle a distance of fifteen feet, making it strike directly in the center of one of the bread tins on the table. They worked so smoothly together that one of them would toss something, and the other would catch it without so much as looking up from his work.

When they had finished they took off their aprons and hung them up, then went outside because of the heat, and I heard them sit down on a bench just outside the door and light their pipes. So when I had finished I went out also, but rather fearful lest they remain uncommunicative and leave me to stand before them in embarrassment.

But as soon as I was outside the door, and before I could express my thanks for the meal, one of them asked me:

"You going to stay here with the cruisers?"

"Are there cruisers here?" I asked. "I thought," I added, "that perhaps a bunch of swampers were getting the roads in con——"

"Cruisers," interrupted the other cook, "just a bunch o' cruisers. Fifteen, exactly, and a nice bunch."

I could not conceal my surprise.

"Fifteen men! Why, I thought you fellows were cooking for at least fifty. You seemed darned busy . . . . ." I paused, waiting for a reply.

"Well," said the first cook, "it doesn't make a bit o' difference to Chunk and me how many they is. Fifteen or fifty. It's all the same. We go right through the rigamarole just the same. It takes the two of us to do it—we ain't never cooked a l o n e, you see. Chunk, here, is what you might call an expert with the baking powder, whilst yeast bread an' sourdough cakes is my line. We work together, we do. We've each done our own part so long

Chunk Is What They Call a "Baking Powder Bum," While the Other Is a "Sourdough Stiff."

(Continued on page 382)

Outdoor Literature

Reviewed by THOMAS AMBROSE
Vice-President of the I. W. L. A.

LIKE the fabled fount of Castalia, the lure of the Ozarks abides forever with him who has once come within the magic spell of its wooded hills and winding streams. He who has launched his canoe upon the hurrying waters of the White, the Current or the Gasconade, and had the battling bronze-backers meet the challenge of his fly by tearing the line from the reel in a tremendous rush, ending in a getaway leap, has something to dream of until kind Fortune again leads him to that delectable land.

At rare intervals upon the bluffs along the river may be seen evidence of human habitation, a settler's log cabin from whose tumble down "chimbley" fragrant wreaths of blue curl lazily upward to hang like incense smoke in the tall belfries of the sheltering cathedral pines.

It was at the door of one of these cabins that a college professor on vacation stopped, asked the woman in the one-piece garment if she had any corn bread, and received the puzzling reply: "Wall, stranger, that's jist what we hain't got nuthin' on hand but." The Professor upon his return to his classes in Linguistics expatiated learnedly of a primitive people in the mountain region of Missouri, speaking a strange and uncouth language, whose structural derivation gave evidence that its remote origin might have been English.

What I started out to say before the word Ozark beguiled me like a will o' the wisp from the straight path of Narration into the alluring fields of Serendipity, is this:

There has recently come into my hands a little book of Idylls of the Ozarks. This is not the catalogue title, but it is more truly descriptive of the contents of the volume than "List H[illegible]

taining the rod in my right, I grasped a projecting limb or clump of grass to steady my legs.

"Presently the ledge narrowed to no more than six inches of slime-slippery rock. I grabbed without looking for support. All at once as I touched a clump of grass I felt as though two red-hot needles had been suddenly thrust into the back of my hand and as quickly withdrawn. Then to my horror right from the grass and twining vines

me prematurely in the stream. I looked across the chute. A bolt of shimmering, polished bronze flashed for a part of a second over the water, and I beheld a monster small-mouth bass bore for the depths of the river with my fly in its mouth.

"Once more the lust of the angler prevailed. My last fish, I reflected. I would give him battle.

"I strove to check that fighting monster fish with all the skill at my command, but I failed to turn him. Beads of warm perspiration replaced the cold moistness of fear. Such a bass! Only once in an angler's lifetime does as great an opportunity present itself.

"Cautiously giving line and recovering it at rare intervals, I gradually worked downstream, all the while the big fellow performing spectacular aerial flights. I fought, taking neither account of time nor distance—only the dangerous underfooting—until I sensed gravel under my feet. I had passed unscathed through the perilous chute and now was at the head of a raging shoal with all the needed fighting room.

"Up and down the shoal I engaged the militant red-eye, until my waning strength urged me to give up the battle. But all at once, I experienced an appreciable gain in line. I reeled it in rapidly

What Do You Owe Outdoor America

By THE EDITOR

A FEW months back I invited Judge Landis—king of the baseball world, to luncheon. The place was the grill room at the Chicago Athletic Club. After we had ordered, I said, "Judge, I had a motive in inviting you to have luncheon with me today."

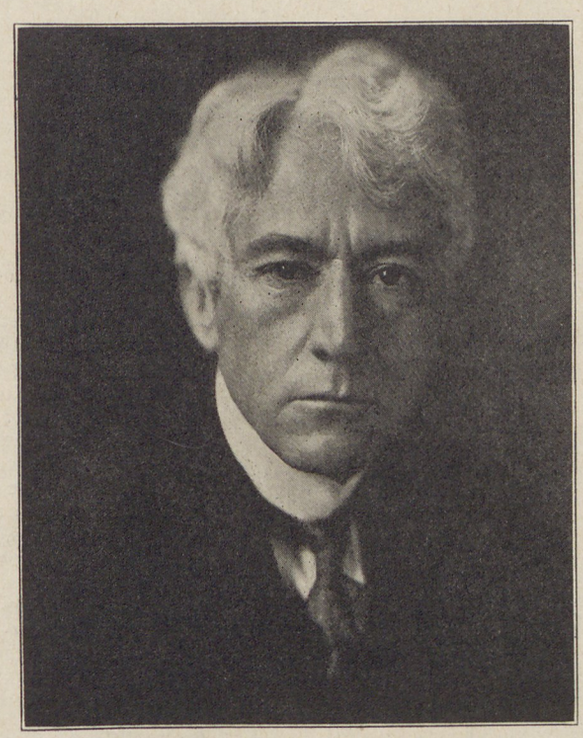
The Judge looked over his glasses, in the quick penetrating way characteristic of him, and said, "I thought so—what is it?"

"I want you to make a talk at the next dinner of our Chicago Chapter," I replied.

"All right! I'll do it," said the Judge, "what will my subject be?"

I thought a moment, and then asked, "What do you think of 'What Do I Owe Outdoor America?'"

Now, the Judge, as everybody knows, is an expressive man and does not dally about getting to the point of anything. Instantly he said, "**I owe it my life.**" And there was an eloquent ring of gratitude in his voice. "A dozen times I have brought my exhausted body to Michigan and it seemed as though I could hardly get it there. A few weeks in the woods **makes me brand new again and I come back to my court physically and mentally fit to tackle my work.**" And then with a flash he turned and pointed and waved his arm as though to encompass the great crowd of men always to be found in the grill during the noon hour, and said, "See all those men—see all those men—every damned one of them would be in the nut college if it were not for outdoor America."



JUDGE KENESAW MOUNTAIN LANDIS

In a few days from now the Izaak Walton League will be two years old and Judge Landis will speak at our Chicago Chapter banquet held in celebration of the foundation of the League. We will have more than one thousand sportsmen in the great ballroom at the Drake Hotel and Judge Landis' talk will be broadcasted over the radio. When this magazine reaches you, the dinner will have passed into history; but I hope, my brother, you will have been lucky enough to "listen in." The Judge is a Waltonian—likes to fish and hunt as much as you do and he approves of the Izaak Walton League and says we have found the **common sense way** of saving our wild places and wild things from extermination.

I wonder have you ever asked yourself—"What do I owe Outdoor America?" If you have not, please do it. If you are like the members of this League, you will feel that you owe it **more than you can pay** and you will want to enlist in the army of fighting American sportsmen this League is enrolling everywhere. If you have been reading our magazine you already know that the League is "doing things" and is headed toward National Jurisdiction.

It won't do, my brother, for you to **just approve of this League.** We need YOU just as much as we need the other fellow and until we can count YOU in our army **you are useless to Outdoor America.** Your common sense will tell you that ONLY great numbers of sportsmen will cause our Senators and Congressmen to vote for the big appropriation necessary to get the three hundred mile Upper Mississippi Wild Game and Fish Refuge we are fighting to pass at this session of Congress. Senator Medill McCormick and Congressman Harry B. Hawes can only pass our bill WITH YOUR HELP. Just standing by and wishing us well **is not worth a damn in the fight to save sports in this country.** And put a **PERIOD** after that sentence, my brother.

Harold Bell Wright, in the November issue of this magazine, put the case exactly right. He said:

"The welfare of our country is in our 'out-of-doors.'

"As a people we toil for our daily bread in a phy-

(Continued on page 388)

Membership-at-large coupon of residents of vicinities having no local chapter

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You may enter my name for membership-at-large in the IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA and send me membership card and I. W. L. A. button to the address given below.

Enclosed find $1.00 to cover one year's membership from date.

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OUTDOOR AMERICA COUPON

Date_____

Gentlemen:

You may enter my subscription for one year at $1.00 to the OUTDOOR AMERICA, DEFENDER OF AMERICA'S OUT OF DOORS.

Enclosed find $1.00 to cover one year's subscription from date.

☐ money order.
☐ currency.
☐ check. (5c for exchange)
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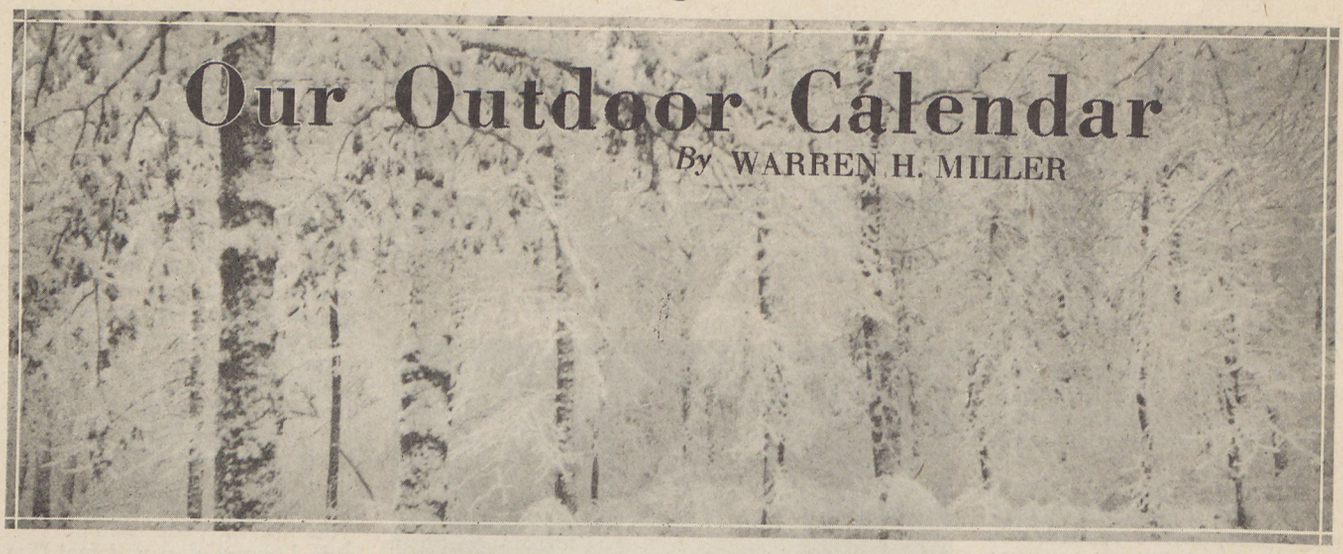
Name_____

Address_____

If YOU believe in this cause PROVE IT by signing and mailing both of these coupons.

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

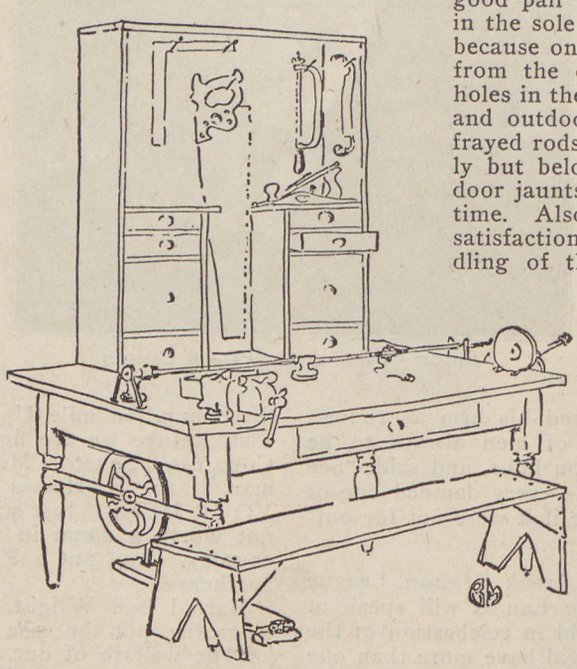


Our Outdoor Calendar

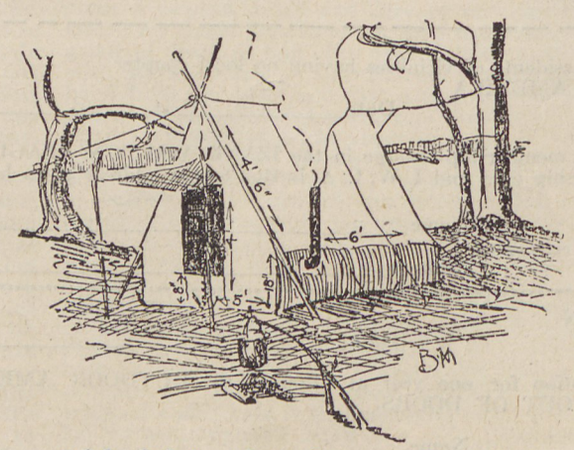
By WARREN H. MILLER

February

THE Hunger Moon! The Indian sign for it was eloquent, the cupped moon, the forefinger pointing into an open mouth. Frederick Remington, who knew what he was talking about when he wrote "Men with the Bark On," gives us an eloquent picture of what the Hunger Moon meant to the Indians. The forest devoid of even small game, the great meat-supplying creatures gone south, a young Indian couple who lingered too long in their teepee. Starvation overtook them as the winter moved south faster then they could follow—great strides of the Frost King which drove all the animals before it. The young buck followed a belated moose through the deep snow for days before he caught up with him. Hurried back with meat—to find his young wife dying, past recall with hunger. A ghastly, grim, yet terribly true story. We know of no such desolation as that in these latitudes. The woods are full of winter birds in February and there are hints of early arrivals from the south. When there is a sunny thaw, it is good to be out there. When it blows keen and cold out of the northwest, there is no better location for the usual winter sports than on some forest-protected pond, free from the bitter sweep of the wind. I recall many such parties, regattas with home-made ice boats, skating bees when the ice was clear and clean of skate-mark, winter fishing with tip-ups; and always the camp fire burning in the woods where one went to warm up the chilled lungs with its hot breath, to take off freezing socks and dry both them and the icy feet, to cook the mid-day bacon and rice and warm up the coffee bottles. You cannot do these things at a public pond.



Table, bench, and cabinet. (From "Sportsman's Workshop")

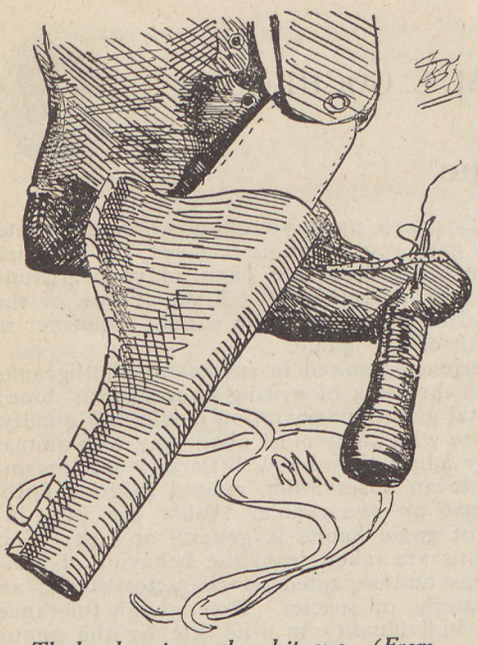


"A fine little forest home, Summer or Winter." (From "Sportsman's Workshop")

But I have another name for February, the "Mending Moon." One must work in preparation and repairs somewhere! Last year's campaign always leaves a vast variety of things needing attention. Why throw away a good pair of mocs because there is a hole in the sole? Why discard the old packsack because one of its straps is quite torn loose from the canvas? And how about spark holes in the tents, and ripped seams in them, and outdoor clothes needing mending, and frayed rods, and holey socks? These homely but beloved old properties of your outdoor jaunts all need the proverbial stitch in time. Also there is a deal of pleasurable satisfaction to be got from the mere handling of the dear old things, stirring up golden memories, each and every one. Outdoorsmen generally delight to putter with their outfits, and the time to do it is February, lest you find half your camping time in the summer taken up with mending gear that was overlooked.

To provide a sort of guide to outdoor folk on how to do all this mending, and further how to make up new from raw material a variety of things that the outer needs but generally cannot afford to buy, I once wrote a series of articles under the general title, "The Sportsman's Workshop." I tried to cover the whole field. There was a chapter on equipping the Shop itself, the tools needed, the cabinet and work table. Then one chapter on tent making, and others on leather working, pack and trail gear, cook kits and camp stoves, decoy making, the gun shop, rod repairing. It seemed to me a book that the outdoor fraternity would welcome. I offered it serially to a certain magazine which resembles mostly a huge wad of advertising embroidered with very poor reading matter. Returned, on the ground that people did not care nowadays to make and mend their own things but rather bought them

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

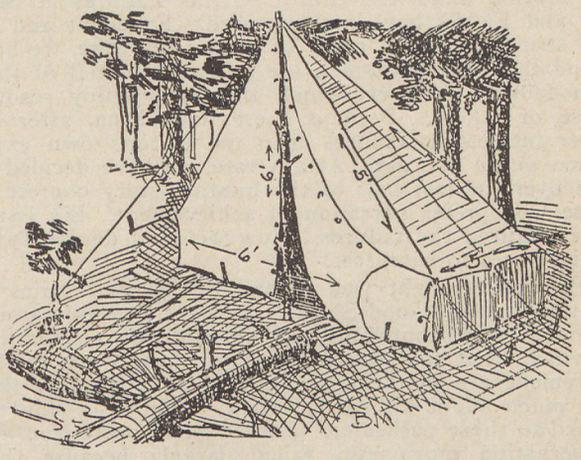


The hand sewing awl and its use. (From "Sportsman's Workshop")

new in these prosperous times and would rather throw away a pair of mocs with holes in them or even with only ripped seams. The inference also was pretty strong that the aforesaid advertisers would not view with any complaceny such a series of articles. Business is business; and the duty of such a magazine is to promote its advertiser's sales and not do anything to help the poor subscriber save money. Ah, well-a-day! I published the book, anyhow, and it "took" like the measles. There are a few of us left who love to mend and putter! Also not a few who cannot afford thirty or forty dollars for a six-pound wall tent and would like to know how to make one.

I would submit that the first thing out of the pack needing repairs will be those moccasins of yours. Did you ever see a pair which came through a hard hunting season without ripped seams? Easy to repair, and two ways to do it. The first is with the ordinary stout thread with brass needle attached such as may be bought at the esteemed five-and-ten. Cut back with the knife to sound thread, clear out old awl holes, and then sew up the seam with two brass needles pushed opposite-ways through the holes. The aim is to get a seam that will not be overcast, as with a single needle. Such exposed thread cuts it right loose. But the double-needle seam, with the edges of the leather protecting it and the thread snug in the old grooves along each side, will last as well as the new factory job.

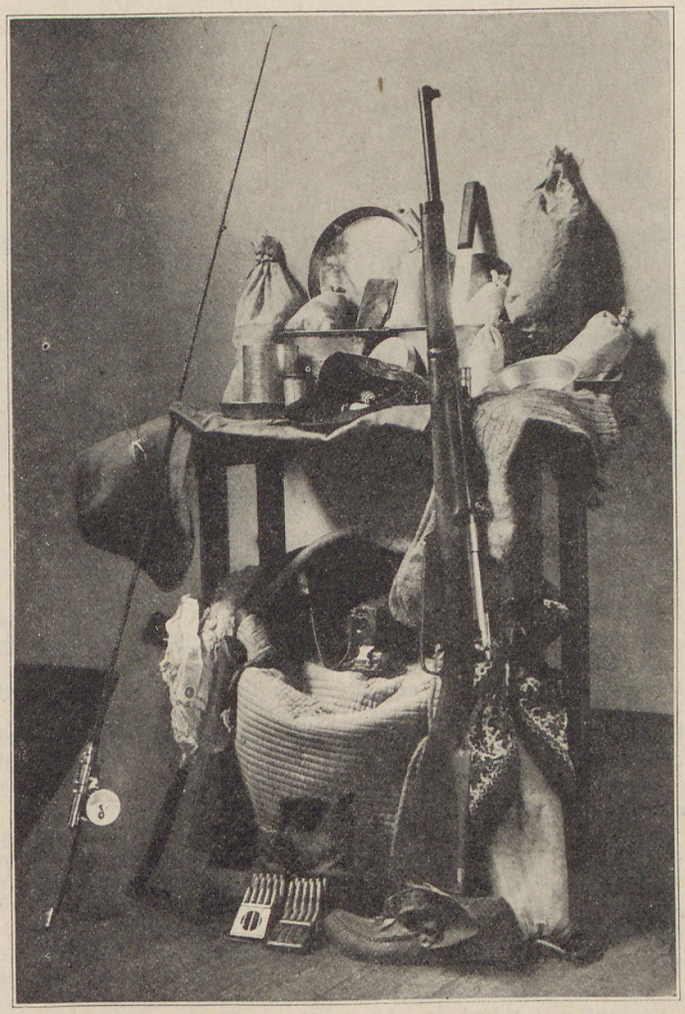
Holes in the soles are a more serious matter. Usually in heel and toe or both, often the moccasin is entirely good except worn through there. Why throw them away as hopeless when they now cost six dollars a pair? The tool I use is the hand sewing awl, which can be bought in any hardware store for sixty cents. It has a wooden handle and a nickel chuck with a spool of stout thread inside it. Two needles, a straight and a curved, kept in the handle. The needles are grooved their whole length, so that the thread can lie in the grooves and pass through the eye without a great bulge stopping the needle from going through the thick leather. This little tool is "the berries" for



A good model for two. (From "Sportsman's Workshop")

mending holes in your moccasin soles. Obviously the patch must go on outside, for the ease of your feet. Also obviously the patch must be of strong and supple leather, so that it will not wear out again right away. A hole in the heel is comparatively easy to mend, for you can reach down to it inside. The patch is put on and the needle shoved through from below. Pulling it back a trifle opens the loop with the free thread. This you pull through and then pass it through the other loop on the tight side. Pulling out the needle knots the stitch. The next thrust pushes the needle through again a short distance further on. Withdraw a bit, so as to open the loop. Put the loose end of the thread through and withdraw the needle, thus making the second stitch. That is all there is to it. I prefer a plain stitch, all around the patch a short bit inside the edge, to an overcast one which exposes the thread to abrasion. A toe hole is more serious, for your fingers cannot get at the loose end of the thread to manipulate it through the loop, sewing machine wise. The course then is to cut up the instep seam enough to get at it from there, and, after putting on the patch, sew up the instep

(Continued on page 382)



"Dragged out for overhauling."

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Game Rifles

By M. L. GOCHENOUR

When Game Was Tame

IN the recent issues of our magazine the hunting stories, under the title of "Arms Failures in Bush and Field," have not appeared. Excellent and instructive though many of these tales were, we have found that our sportsmen are reluctant to tell of their own failures, however much they may enjoy reading those of others. Perhaps there have been, after all, fewer interesting failures than the editor's own experience would indicate. At any rate, we have decided to give over the last half of the hunting story contest to those who prefer narration of achievement. Six issues have featured the failures. Now we shall devote space in six issues to successes.

Our first thought was to call this second series of hunting stories "Good Shots." Perhaps that title would command more contributions. Yet mature consideration convinces that the sportsmen whose hearts are in this movement are neither the boastful sort, nor do they care much about killings, as such, despite the skill attached to those occasions. Earlier game protection and conservation movements failed, largely because they sought chiefly to improve shooting for a limited membership of a contemporary generation. The Izaak Walton League is succeeding because it looks into the future, not for a privileged few, but for the recreations of better generations yet to come.

Accordingly, we determined to ask for memories more consistent with the purposes of the League. Few readers of this magazine have not had intimate experiences with game worth relating because of their interest and information, if not indeed on account of the unusual or exceptional character of the observations. Conversely, those who have been privileged to spend most of their lives in the environs of game, if candid and observant, will admit they learn new characteristics of our feathered, furred and antlered brethren every trip afield. Hence, we have concluded to open the last half of the Game Rifles contest to stories of "WHEN GAME WAS TAME."

M. L. Gochenour (in bow) "Somewhere in New Brunswick."

After you have thought it over, we hope you will like the idea and make known your approval with one or more reminiscences from your own knowledge. A liberal latitude will be allowed for these stories. It may be a memory of better days when some kind of game, now scarce, or found only in remote places, was plentiful in a region now devastated by a money-mad civilization (so-called). Your fondest recollections may conjure up by-gone days with your favorite quarry, when shots were easy and frequent, with the supply abundant. Perhaps the most impressive incident was when an old buck, all but ran over you, a band of sheep came within winking range, a moose upset your canoe or walked into camp, a grizzly gave you full value received, the clownish antics of some black bear that changed your attitude toward his grossly misrepresented kind, or one of the countless surprises that reward the patient sojourner in the native heath of any game.

If your experience resulted in successful photographs of wild life, half the work of writing your story is done; if not, the mental picture or narration movie may qualify. Remember, those who know most about any wild animal or fowl, readily admit they know little and are less inclined to dispute an observation, related in good faith, however unusual or remarkable. What the best informed know of game habits is general at best. Too many conclusions are taken from the behavior of individual specimens and accepted as characteristic of an entire group, family, or species. Not enough tolerance is allowed for individuality in wild life by the genus homo in our assertion of doubtful superiority by that intangible something we call intellect. The collection of experiences from our vast brotherhood, covering their most impressive intimacies with game, should at once prove the most interesting and valuable of all hunting story collections—at the same time stimulating observation with its complementary decrease in the desire to kill.

As previously announced, the judges in this contest are three writers of hunting stories who are known to all of you and held in high regard. The stories will be judged chiefly by the incident related, although literary qualities and photographs or illustrations will greatly add to the merit of any contribution. When general excellence is considered, attempt will be made to give amateurs fair consideration, with compensating handicaps to professional writers.

The list of prizes announced in the January (1923) issue is herewith reproduced. These are the most valuable and pretentious awards ever offered for good stories of experiences with wild life. This is because we hope to give the readers of Outdoor America only the best. Remember that the editors and general contributors are sacrificing remunerative employment for the sake of our cause. Now with this reminder, you, who have been clamoring for more hunting stories, get busy! All copy must be in at least one month before it can possibly be published. Your good intentions to send in a story SOMETIME cannot be published. Write up what you consider the best incident of your hunting memories and send it in without further procrastination. The more and varied our stock of stories, the better balance can be given each month's series.

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This is the opening of the last half. Pep up now, and roll up the score in the best hunting story contest ever held! This series, like the entire magazine, in fact, the League itself, is what you make it. Let's go!

Announcement of Prizes for

Hunting Story Contest

1st Prize—High-grade Binoculars of six — or eight-power.
2nd Prize—Camera with rapid lense, for outdoor photography, any size not larger than 3A; Eastman, Seneca or Ansco.

3rd Prize—Choice of:
.256 caliber .30'06, or .300 repeating rifle; Newton, Remington, Savage, Springfield or Winchester, or — 12 gauge double-barrel, hammerless shotgun; Ithaca, LeFever, Parker, Savage-Stevens, or Smith.

4th Prize—Choice of:
.22 caliber Repeating Rifle; Marlin, Remington, Savage, Stevens or Winchester. Or—.22 caliber target pistol; Colt, Harrington and Richardson, Reising, Smith and Wesson, or Stevens.

5th Prize—Cruising or hunting suit, made to measure; Bean, Filson, or Duxbac.

A TALE OF TWO TREASURES

By WILL H. GRAFF

DEAR Royden:
The Rockford Republican of March 20th, 1923, containing article stating your mother had presented you your father's old gun, was received some time ago and recalled to my mind a little incident of pleasant rivalry between your father and myself bearing on the gun you now have.

I had been out duck shooting a number of trips with my 10 gauge 32 inch hammerless Lefevre as your father's guest, he using a Bonehill of same size and length.

In long difficult shots my Lefevre always seemed to kill a little further and cleaner than the Bonehill, especially one very windy day in the fall of 1895. I think we were shooting on what was known as "Peals Lake." Owing to the cold raw wind, we had built our blind back from the water quite a distance making all our shots rather long.

While we did not get an over abundance of birds, the Lefevre apparently was doing the best execution. This seemed to be a source of annoyance to your father, as he remarked several times (to himself), "That was a long shot," or "Wish I could reach them out there." Nothing was said that would indicate or lead one to think he was contemplating the purchase of another gun.

I naturally felt a little "puffed up" over the execution of my gun, but said nothing that would lead him to think that I was "gloating just a little."

The following spring (March, 1896), your father invited Jim Luscomb and me to go on a shooting trip with him, using his cabin boat as our domicile on the outing (you may remember the time), George Cramburg being the fourth man of the party.

We took the cabin boat about four miles up the river from Dallas City, moored it on the Iowa shore, built our blinds and set our decoys on a sand bar near the middle of the river. The first few days we were out the weather was too warm and pleasant for the usual flight we had hoped for. While there were thousands of ducks in sight, they were settled mostly on the water, and were very careful not to swim in near our decoys. Toward midday we noticed some of them perched on the large cakes of ice floating past.

After several small groups had passed us that way, your father remarked, "The next bunch going by in that way, let's give them a shot," he and I being in a blind together.

In a few minutes we saw a large cake of ice coming down stream toward us with several mallards perched thereon. When about opposite we both fired. One duck fell to both guns, your father saying, "I got mine." I had some serious doubts about that statement, thinking his gun could not kill at that distance. However, I made no claim to the duck, but suggested that the next time he should shoot at the birds on lower end of cake and I was to shoot at those on the up river end. In a very short time we spied four birds on a large cake, that appeared to be within shooting distance when it would be opposite our stand. We took our respective birds as agreed. My two got away, but your father got both of his, one dead, the other crippled so we could retrieve it.

After another similar trial, I asked him what sized shot he was using; he answered, "No. 4." Then I took my first look at his gun, and noticed it had no hammers. On further investigation I saw he had a new gun, and spoke about it. In reply he told me that after our experience on Peals Lake the year before, he had been wanting a gun that would reach out just a little and all the following summer I was looking for a gun that would beat his, if possible. After considerable correspondence I had the Lefevre Arms Co. build me a 12 ga. gun with the finest 32-inch Damascus barrels money could buy. The new gun arrived about March 1st, 1898, and I put in the next two weeks experimenting with loads, etc., that would give me the best penetration possible. About the 20th of that month I got the invitation to "come over."

I put the new gun in the old 10 ga. case and went on the next train. The following afternoon we hunted up our location, built a blind and made arrangements for our decoys, etc. The next morning at daybreak we were at our blind with the decoys all set out and in readiness "for business." We had taken our guns out of the cases and were seated in blind when daylight came on. We concluded that we needed a little more willow brush in front of our blind, so we got out our jack knives and walked about 100 feet back of the blind to a small patch of willows and began cutting brush. In a very few minutes I noticed two mallards "way up yonder" approaching our decoys. I got down on "all fours" scrambling back toward the blind. Just as I was reaching for my gun, your father said, "Too high, Will." Just at that moment the ducks turned, either heard his voice or perhaps saw me, but I cut loose with both barrels and got them both. While I was somewhat surprised, your father was more so, and said, "Oh, what a long shot!" The ducks fell over 80 yards from the blind, stone dead.

After retrieving the birds, and placing the willow brush in front of blind we both got in to await the next comers. Your father cast several glances at my gun, and finally took it up and looked it over, saying, "This is not your old gun; this is a new one. I give it up; you have me skinned." However, the next 5 or 6 days' shooting failed to verify his assertion to any certainty. While we both made and missed some exceptionally long shots, we both seemed to feel that had we pushed just a little harder we would have made it. In any case, we each were willing to concede that the other owned "some gun."

This was the last of our many hunting trips together. Age was stiffening our limbs, and cooling our ardor for the chase. I have not seen your gun since, but am glad that the old gun fell into your hands. I know you prize it, and will take care of it. It is worth all the care you can give it.

In my 25 years of experience both in the field and at the "trap," these two guns were the best and hardest slingers of shot I ever ran up against. Last year after my sickness which left me a cripple, I practically gave my gun to a very dear young friend who appreciates its execution and I know will take good care of it. I never expect to fire another shotgun from my old shoulder, but am highly gratified to know that these two old relics of the past are both in the hands of true sportsmen who will use them as real Izaak Walton Club sportsmen should.

The Kennel Department

Conducted by
OZARK RIPLEY

Influence of Field Trials On High Class Shooting Dogs

By ANDREW BROOKS, *former assistant to "Ozark Ripley"*

THE greatest amount of criticism hurled at the present day field trial dogs comes from those with a superficial knowledge of the game, and very slight acquaintance with pointers and setters. They are local in their estimates and really do not credit the sport with the development of the dog and the carrying out of the pure bred ideas from generation to generation. Were it not for the field trials our sporting dogs of today, especially pointers and setters would have suffered greatly from bench show standards and constant adherence to the types there demanded, until the hunting instincts became secondary.

Field trials certainly for a time ran to excesses in the way of speed and so-called class. There was reason then for warning, and doubtless everywhere that warning has been heeded, until the present-day dog must show good bird work in addition to range and speed before he can be ranked by the judges among the winners. Some of the greatest field trial dogs of the present day are great shooting dogs under most conditions. They are easily handled and become more so when they are not keyed up to the short race the trials require.

A few years ago, like everything else, extremes were aimed at. Range and style, together with the then essentially very great speed, were considered of greater importance than actual bird work. An intense hunting instinct was bred and developed in field trial dogs to a certain extent at the expense of good bird work. This is what bothered the tyro, as well as the old timer, until much of it has become modified in the great dogs of the present day.

Before getting deep into the study of the field trial game, something here is worth thinking about; the development of smaller dogs than in the years past, and the belief with some that it denoted an inferiority of the breeds. It was hard for the old timers to reconcile themselves to the fact that the little chaps like Peach Blossom, Babby Ale and other pure bred dogs of all sizes could deliver the goods. Even there were some who could not be made to regard, probably, one of the greatest bird finding setters that ever lived, Tony Boy, as a bird finding machine with endurance to spare and speed in his bird work that made the erstwhile sportsman throw up his hands in amazement. Tack this in your memory: there are thousands of these small dogs running around forty and thirty-five pounds that can stand up all day with any of the old dogs, no matter their size and weight, do it faster and find more birds than any of the big fellows. This is not bad judgment toward the big fellows but rather proof that because some of the trialers were, and are small, it does not mean that all of them suffer in staying power, speed and nose in consequence.

The little fellows arrived in the same manner as the fine types of the big, lumbering, beautiful bench show setters of today. Field trial men wanted classy individuals. They bred for this purpose, irrespective of the size or conformation of the parents. Bench show enthusiasts bred for beauty and conformation, irrespective of the field ability of the parents. The results in each case were that many of the field trial get were snipy fellows, some with great bird finding ability and some without it. The bench show get showed conformation, but many worthless, despite the name of their breed, as shooting companions. Another phase presented itself, and still does, which most sportsmen do not give much consideration to and that was the intermediate man who paid high price stud fees for the service of great field trial sires to their inferior bitches through the one motive of selling puppies at a profit via the reputation of the sires. Field trial men have never been able to weed out this class, nor will they ever. But the man looking for great pups from field trial strains can protect himself by demanding the same performance of the dams as of the sires.

It is amusing to note how the old time hunters criticize the present breed of dogs, their size and everything else. They do not reflect on change in conditions on the farms and the demand by sportsmen for higher class dogs, because the degree of sportsmanship has been elevated considerably. There is just as much justice in condemning the present day dogs as for the reformers to publish statistics about the killing of game. According to them there would not be a head of game left on the American continent. If one man kills the limit of ducks in a day they argue that everyone does it that holds a license, though there are hundreds of thousands that cannot kill one-tenth the legal limit of quails or ducks in a day, though they are presented with the opportunity.

For the old dog things were ridiculously easy. He did not have to hustle for game like the present dog, nor was he often called on to handle them under as difficult conditions, such as bare pastures or corn fields with barely any cover. Most important, to secure a bag for the hunter, the old dog did not have to travel the distances he does at present in a day. Farms have not kept pace with the present demands of hunters. It is not so much the killing of game that threatens today, as it is restricting the ideal feeding places for quails to a few isolated places on the farms. The areas for breeding and feeding are so limited, that is what threatens the supply more than hunters. If reformers went after this, instead of as in every instance the hunters, they would understand that the modern field trial strains are the most ethical of all breeds to hunt with, and they could increase the amount of game birds by direct suggestions to farmers, and not as now, placing the burden of extermination on the hunter.

With the scarcity of game the idea of the field trial dog fits in nicely with the schemes of sportsmen. Finally, it all came to a point when owners of sporting dogs began to derive more pleasure out of the quality of the dog's work, instead of the amount of game killed, or the number of birds hunted down closely to the last single and slaughtered. The record of the old type can be chronicled in pages of slaughter and the modern field trial dog as one entailing a higher degree of sportsmanship. Think this over, Old Timers, who are too quick to judge the great fast going strains of today!

Speed and range soon became a desired essential. Dogs have to cover a far greater amount of territory each day. They have to make casts at greater distances, leaving the barren places. They are obliged to make birds lay to point in almost bare fields, things that seldom confronted the old dogs in the schemes of farming years ago. Even the woods on the farm are pastured so heavily that birds find there is scarcely a weed left for them. When cows and horses do not mow all cover down, the inevitable flock of sheep will. There are only left the leaves for birds to conceal themselves. A high class dog must make the bird lay to him there, and if there has been a hard rain which packs them down badly he has to do his best, and does it far better than the average trialing slow dog of years ago. Therefore, the graduation of the present day bird dog is the consequence of love for the spectacular in performance and an exalted type of sportsmanship on the part of hunters.

Another thing which can be attributed to field trials is the interest in breeding and the greater assurance of obtaining pure bred dogs. Not wishing to cast any reflections on the old stud books, especially their authoritativeness, they never went to the extremes to prevent fraudulent registrations that the standard field trial stud

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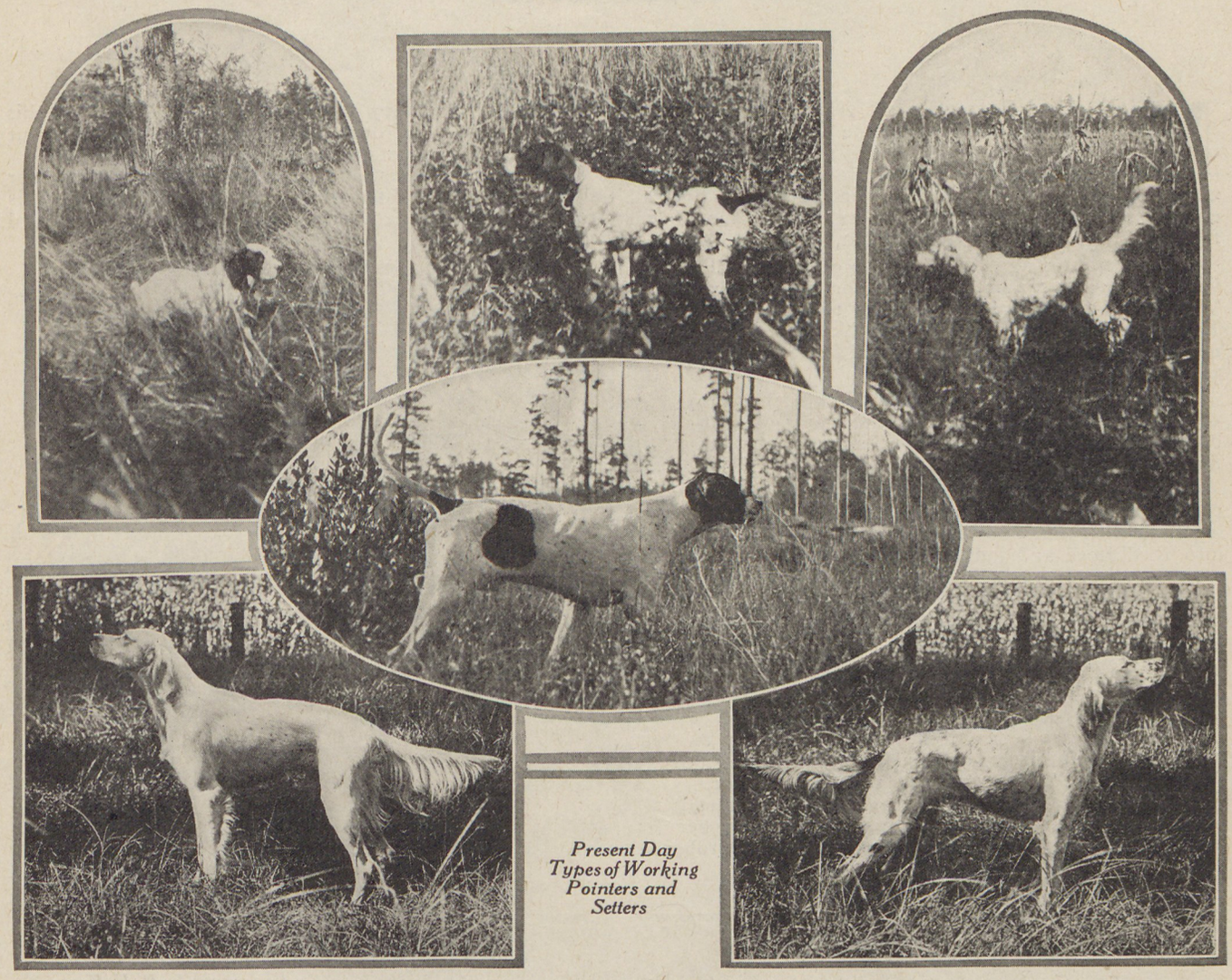
books do of today. Our stud books now use every precaution against false registration and conduct constantly a system against it which keeps out the crook. Years ago almost any puppy could be registered after certificate of breeding was sent along with the application. Though nothing is said, our standard stud books wait a long time before the newcomer is registered, and the amount of investigation that goes on to assure that there is nothing wrong, precludes all possibility of any profit being made. It might be well said that the field trials have established a standard stud book for field dogs, and it is the performance of the sire and dam which the buyer of bird dogs can base his judgment on when selecting a youngster.



Present Day Types of Working Pointers and Setters

With the development of speed and range, bird work and bird sense have not been sacrificed. No dog can do bird work without being given opportunities. Give the opportunities to the present day field trial dogs and they will shine. Their hunting instinct is a little more intense, and therefore often develops before the pointing instinct. That is why they require more time for their education than the old dogs, but in lots of ways they surpass them in the quality of their work. They can be slowed down to cover work when desired, though many individuals do not take kindly to this process, not on account of lack of ability, but rather the manner in which the tyro expects them to conform to it in time.

Noted Field Trial Trainer Now an Active Breeder

ED. GARR, of Lagrange, Ky., the noted handler of such field trial dogs as Green River Kate, Masterpiece, Spot's Rip Rap, King Woolton, Pohic, Mohawk's Romance, Tip Foster, Alford's King and numbers of feated 34 starters, though the young buck is under three years of age.

others, is now engaged, besides his general work of handling the trialers, in breeding 100 per cent Llewellins of the Avent strain, made famous by the celebrated breeder and handler of Hickory Valley, Tenn., Jim Avent.

Mr. Garr now heads his setter stud with the fireworks Mohawk's Romance, by the great Montrose and Rhody Bell, the dam of Mohawk's Flame. This high tension dog showed his quality in the National Derby, the Texas Derby and the Ohio All Age, where he defeated 34 starters, though the young buck is under three years.

Care of Dogs in Winter

IF dogs can have their quarters out-of-doors so much the better. They can be just as comfortable there as in a heated building, and be all the healthier for it. All kennel buildings should face the south, and be away from stables or steam heat. If a sufficient amount of bedding is in their kennel there will be no danger of their suffering from cold, even during the most severe periods of winter. Look for leaks in the roofs, and that there are no cracks in the structure which will allow cold drafts to enter.

When possible, give the dog just as much exercise in winter as in summer. If you have no time to take him out for a run daily, give him a good massage, and wrestle with him for a few minutes. This will help keep him hard. Do not give food while it is hot; nor let the food freeze before feeding it. Only feed the dog what he will eat clean twice a day. Take away all food the animal leaves. Change food often. A dog tires of the same diet daily. The modern prepared foods are relished and dogs keep in good condition on them, and they save owners of sporting dogs lots of work.

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Bird Lore

by Bob Becker

MORE Bird Photo Contest pictures this month! They certainly did come from all points of the compass, and it looks as if it would take us another month to show all the photos that got under the wire by December first, at which time all entries had to be in. This time we show some of 'em from Pennsylvania and Connecticut.

Several months ago "Pop" Krape of Indiana, Pennsylvania, slipped us a mighty fine portrait of Mrs. Bob-White whom we are introducing to you this month. Pop, according to his letter, sure likes the birds and in making his bow to the gang around the campfire writes us as follows:

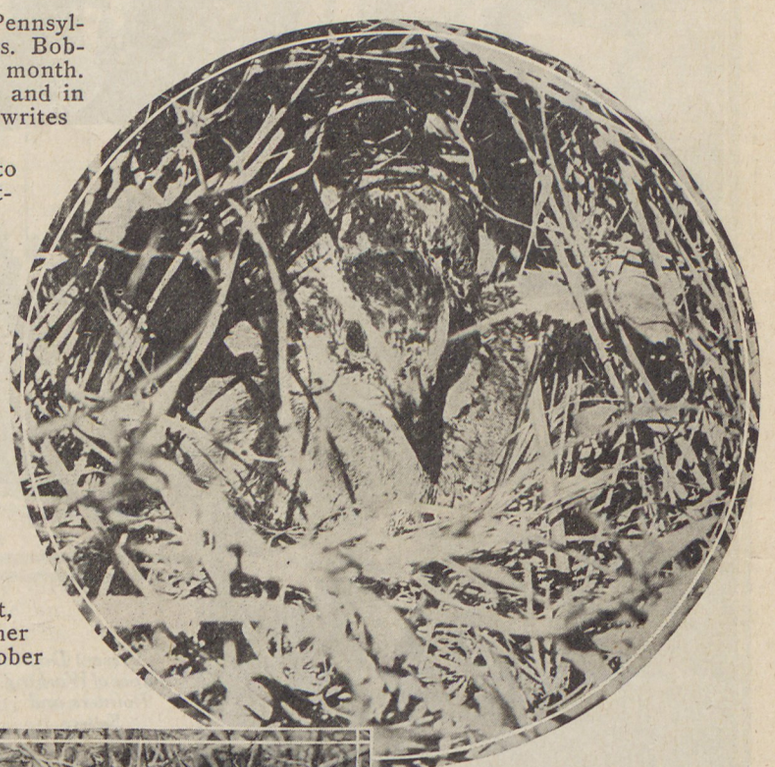
Thanks to the generosity of a kind friend, into my hands has just fallen the first copy of Outdoor America, and like measles, mumps, etc., it did not take long to take hold.

In reading through it, as I did from cover to cover, I took several fishing, canoe and hunting trips with the "boys" but finally gravitated into Bird Lore and lodged.

Bird Lore sure appeals to me. Have been talking birds to Boy Scouts, Young Scouts, Old Scouts and Good Scouts for a good many years.

I noticed that the November issue of Outdoor America had a paper on Bob White. This little lady is a personal friend of mine (to see alive only). I am sending you a picture of the lady herself. We surely have become great friends since we first met two years ago this last summer. Guy Kanable manipulated the camera at four feet, while I held the weeds and grass away from her while she posed for a time exposure. On October fourteenth her happy family of fourteen first saw this grand old world of ours and since then we have spent many happy moments together.

We guarded them, fed them, sometimes fought for them through the fall and winter, and often during this summer this little lady would come into our office yard and cheerfully call, "Bob White," "Bob White," which was so easily interpreted to mean "Thank you!" "Thank you!" Now we have her children and grandchildren with us, thanks to the hunters who in this locality hesitate to shoot the little creatures who are such beneficial and close friends of the farmers. I have had a grand good time so many times during our acquaintanceship in associating with this estimable family, and so many of my human friends have enjoyed meeting them that I could not resist writing you regarding their wel-



Photograph by R. E. Krape, Indiana, Penna.

Woodcock on nest. Photograph by D. L. MacDavid, New Britain, Conn.

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

fare, knowing you to be a lover of all bird families.

Yours for more birds,
"POP" KRAPE,
(R. E. Krape).

We're glad to hear about the Bob-Whites down your way, Pop. How are they makin' out this winter?

D. L. MacDavid, 735 East Street of New Britain, Connecticut, seems to know how to wield a camera according to the photos shown this month. One of them is like a puzzle picture as you have to look close for that woodcock on the nest. This was made with a Poco camera, four second exposure, with 32 stop. It certainly is a dandy. The one showing the woodcock chicks is also good and that goes for the third which portrays how lovely (?) young American bitterns look.

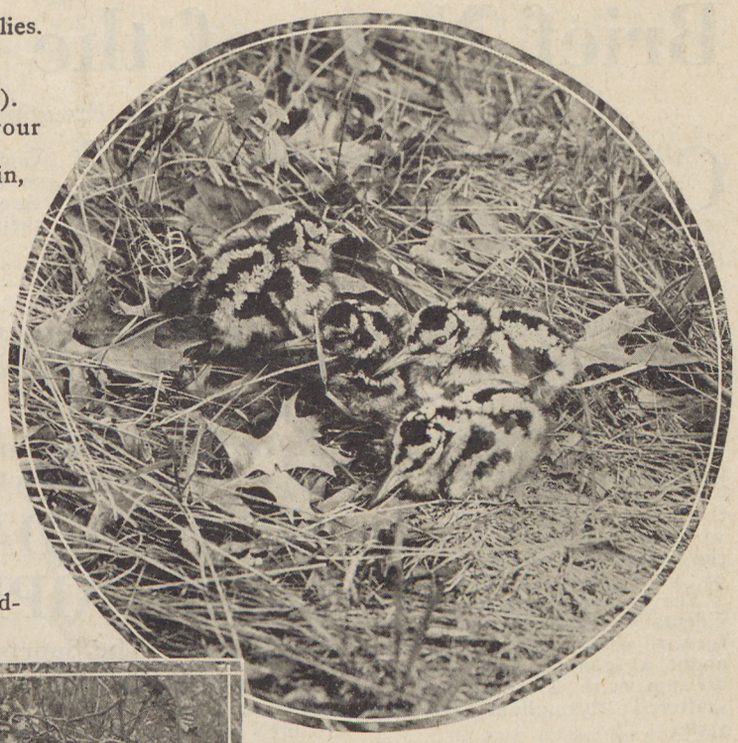
This is the time of the year when the bird lover who maintains feeding stations can get a lot of pleasure out of running a little outdoor cafeteria for the feathered folks. Whether on the windswept farm, in the forest or in the city, the feeding of birds during winter adds zest to life, helps the feathered creatures and provides no end of fun for the one who is running the cafeteria.

Bird lovers are paying increasing attention to feeding throughout the country and by this time of the year are usually attracting all kinds of 'em to various types of feeding stations. Nuthatches, chickadees, jays and other species become regular visitants to such stations, while in the fields the quail can be tamed by grain dinners which are tossed out. Down east they make quite a stunt of this bird feeding and when the snow has covered the ground and the bleak cold winters have set in, all kinds of shelves, tables, hoppers and boxes can be seen with the star bird boarders right on the job. But there is one spot in Michigan which this year ought to be popular with the birds. A retired corner of the Michigan State Normal College campus at Ypsilanti has been turned into a regular haven for the feathered folks as special effort has been made to study and indulge their habits and preferences. Many clever devices have been employed here to entice them to come and eat and let themselves be observed by the science students. Gertrude L. Parsons writing about this unusual feeding station says:

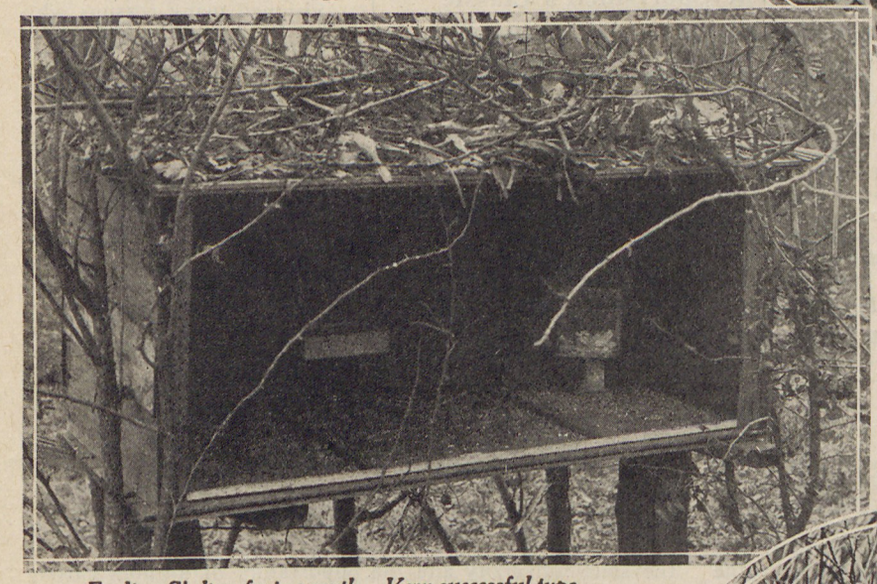
"That the birds may feel no trepidation while in the precincts of the little sanctuary, a cabin has been built to conceal the observers, and this is approached behind a blind or fence of quite the tallest cornstalks ever grown outside of seed catalogues. By means of posts and stout wire these are held upright, making also an excellent windbreak. A liberal planting of spruces will render this screen unnecessary after a time.

The largest of the shelters is semi-

(Continued on page 392)



American Bitterns, about two weeks old. Photograph by D. L. MacDavid.



Feeding Shelter, facing south. Very successful type. Photograph by Walter E. Hastings.

Young Woodcock a few hours after hatching.

Photograph by D. L. MacDavid

Brief News of the Chapters of the

Edited by M. S. Heiss, Executive Secretary, I. W. L. A.

CHARTER members of the Rocky Mountain chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America, Denver, Colo., were guests of A. E. Humphreys, president of the chapter, at a luncheon recently in the Shirley-Savoy Hotel, and they performed their first act of cooperation with the national body by adopting a resolution to safeguard the upper Mississippi River bottoms as a breeding ground for fish and birds.

So far as Colorado is concerned Governor Sweet outlined the commercial advantages of protecting the wild life of the mountains, and there were other talks on what the woods meant to the spiritual and physical life of the people.

The Denver chapter, incidentally is going rapidly forward with plans to bring about a splendid Colorado division with 25 chapters scattered throughout the state.

Governor Sweet, introduced by Colonel Humphreys, declared that the Colorado fish and game department had a total revenue in 1923 of $206,003, and that in the national forests in Colorado in 1923 were 5,837 elk, 5,610 mountain sheep, 20,965 deer, 2,592 black and brown bear and 40,599 beaver. The governor, speaking of the commercial possibilities of wild life, said beaver would, if properly handled, provide a fur and meat industry of many thousands of dollars. In the Battlement forest are 160 colonies that are entirely beneficial, and only 35 that do some damage; there are 6,070 beaver in the forest, of which 4,980 are entirely beneficial, he said.

To All Chapters of the IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE:

YOUR TURN NOW to secure the League's Sensational 3 Reel Motion Picture

FISHING DAYS ON THE NIPIGON

Proclaimed "The Sportsmen's Classic"

Truthful in every detail; full to the skies with the beauty of the unspoiled North; thru which plunges nature's mightiest stream of the American continent; the world-famed

NIPIGON RAPIDS

A picture replete with the thrills that only sportsmen know — experts with fly and rod taking the giant brook trout and the great armored fish with which these whirling rapids abound—and the rush of resistless white waters; falls and whirlpools; vibrant in their majestic power, bringing cheers and applause.

For terms and dates write or wire

Sherman Brown, Davidson Theatre, Milwaukee, Wis.

THESE 6,000 beaver could produce $15,000 worth of fur annually aside from their regulatory effect upon the streams that conserve water for irrigation, said the governor. In the Holy Cross forest there are 2,845 beaver and with those adjacent to the forest a total of 3,445 animals, and while 375 do damage the others do good. The governor said that the beaver in the state could produce $125,000 worth of furs annually.

The governor declared for increasing game upon the farm, such as rabbits and squirrels, pheasants, wild turkeys, mallard ducks, black mallards and wood ducks. The destruction of wild life was declared by the governor to be enormous. In his review he said that Louisiana estimated that the value of waterfowl killed annually in the state at $250,000; New York at $3,239,277. In Oregon, deer, ducks and pheasants killed every year are valued at $800,000.

The governor expressed the belief that eventually the Colorado state fish and game department could be made to pay $100,000 net into the state treasury, and he asserted that regulation of the hunting and fishing in the state were being rigidly enforced and every endeavor was made for the protection of game and fish and of increasing the supply.

Bishop Irving P. Johnson of the Episcopal diocese was called upon by Colonel Humphreys to speak on the spiritual side of the Izaak Walton League. The bishop prefaced his remarks with the statement that he was glad that at last he had found a topic upon which all present could agree. He gave a brilliant account of a primeval forest in Canada, easily reached from the United States, through which he traveled for fifteen days; where there was only a glimpse now and then of humans; where moose roamed; where there were lakes twenty miles long, and where there were numerous rivers.

The bishop declared that no person could live in the woods or live close to nature without becoming closer to God; that he had sent his own two sons from their seventh to their twentieth year each summer into the woods for three months, and that he considered these months and their experiences and the influence of these outings their greatest assets. He said it would be impossible for any person to stand on the mountain and watch a sunrise or a sunset, or upon a lake and gaze over it without being devout for that period, at least.

THE **Oshkosh, Wis.,** Chapter bears the distinction of being the first one to have been actually organized by a woman. Mrs. Ellie K. Werner, known admiringly as the "Gene Stratton Porter of Oshkosh," saw no reason why there should not be a chapter in Oshkosh and visioned many reasons why there should be an active unit. Shortly after the Wisconsin convention at Fond du Lac, where she gave a splendid reading of Harold Bell Wright's definition of Patriotism, Mrs. Werner invited to her home all who would be interested. Not many were expected, but before the evening was well under way every available seating place in the residence was occupied and there was organized there a chapter which bids fair to become one of the most active in the state.

THE **Champaign County** Chapter (Illinois) has been formed from the membership of the Champaign County Rod and Gun Club and indications are that it will be exceedingly valuable in the work of the Illinois division. Establishment of a chapter in Champaign County is regarded as particularly important because of the location there of the state university and the opportunity of keeping closely in touch with the activities of the department of zoology particularly as concerns the fight against pollution of the streams of Illinois.

SPALDING, NEB., is the latest Chapter in the Elkhorn Valley section. It was organized by G. H. Nichols of Norfolk, Neb., and there are four more cities in the Valley where Chapters are in the process of formation. Chapters in the Valley are Norfolk, Clearwater, Tilden and Spalding.

KANSAS CITY, MO., is making extensive plans for the first annual convention of the Missouri Chapters which will be held there February 11th. Representatives of practically every fish and game club in the state, as well as of the Izaak Walton Chapters, will be present at the session. Dr. H. J. Walters, editor of the Weekly Kansas City Star, is president of the state division.

FOREST and stream organizations of Frederick, Carroll, Washington and Allegany counties and the Anglers' Club of Baltimore City, held a meeting at the Y. M. C. A. under the auspices of the Frederick, Md., Chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America, at which a wide range of legislation in the interest of propagation and preservation of game and fish was discussed. A number of changes in the present game and fish laws, affecting inland waters, were recommended and will be drafted into a bill to be presented to the Legislature.

The meeting was called to order by President James E. Solt, of the local chapter, who briefly stated its purpose. Guy W. Steele, of Westminster, was made chairman and Harold S. Kolmer, secretary of the State Game Department, secretary, E. LeCompte, state game warden, and Charles E. Smith, chief deputy game warden, were present. A tentative

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Izaak Walton League of America

draft of a bill prepared by Mr. LeCompte, was taken up section by section, and passed upon, and several resolutions were passed.

The meeting was largely devoted to recommendations for the propagation and preservation of fish. It was pointed out that the fresh water streams of the state were rapidly becoming depleted of game and commercial fish and unless protective legislation is enacted the streams will be entirely depleted.

The meeting opened at 8 o'clock and remained in session until after midnight. The principal changes in the present fish law adopted, were that the season for fishing for trout should be closed from July 1 to April 1. All game fish other than trout from December 1 to July 1. No trout should be taken under seven inches in length and no small or large mouth bass under nine inches.

The bag limit for trout and small and large mouth bass per day was placed at 15. No limit was placed on the number of other species, including rock, goggle eyes, striped or willow bass. It was further recommended that fishing be allowed only with hook and line, except for bait fish, which may be taken with a seine, dip or landing net, the seine not to be more than six feet long and three feet deep.

It was also decided to prohibit the sale or shipment of small or large mouth bass or trout.

April 17-18-19

HAVE been selected as the dates for the second national convention of the Izaak Walton League of America.

The meetings will be held at the Hotel Morrison, Chicago, and definite announcements as to details will be made later.

The very important thing right now, however, is for every chapter to make definite and thorough arrangements to be represented at the convention. There must be no doubt left in the minds of any persons that the Izaak Walton League represents All America and represents the principled sportsmen, outdoor lovers and conservationists of our whole country. We must demonstrate how speedily this League has grown and how seriously we consider our work for Outdoor America.

The national by-laws make the following provisions for representation:

"Each affiliated chapter shall be entitled to elect one delegate and one alternate to represent it in the national convention. Each chapter shall be entitled to elect one additional delegate and one additional alternate for each unit of one hundred members in good standing, in excess of the first one hundred members."

If your next meeting comes soon, select the delegates. If a meeting has recently been held and no delegates selected call a special session and choose the representatives. But by all means plan to be in Chicago—

April 17-18-19

AT the November meeting the President of the Rockford, Ill., Chapter was authorized to appoint a committee, of which he was to be one, to interview the City Administration with reference to a sewage disposal plant, and to use their best efforts to secure the adoption of this much needed reform. The committee was appointed as follows: Chairman, W. F. Woodruff, Chairman Board of Directors, Rockford National Bank, Harry Severson, Vice President Barber-Coleman Co., John T. Buckabee, Buckabee Seed Co., Lars Hoegberg, a prominent business man, and Dr. Tull, President of the Chapter.

On December 19th, this committee met with Hon. Herman Hallstrom, Mayor of the city, and City Engineer Harvey at a luncheon at the Elks Club, as guests of Chairman Woodruff. The matter of trunk-line sewers and a disposal plant was gone into very thoroughly. Much to the surprise of the committee, the two city officials were much better informed on the subject than it was and were equally enthusiastic. Mr. Harvey had already collected some data in anticipation of the time when it would be needed, so that all that was necessary to set the ball rolling was for some public-spirited organization, such as the Izaak Walton League, to supply the needed impetus.

At this conference it was agreed that the city engineer should ask the City Council for an appropriation to permit a complete survey to be made and plans drawn. It was understood that this would be an Administration measure and would be supported as such. The resolution was presented to the Council on December 27th, by Mr. Wm. Shimmin, Chairman of the Finance Committee, and passed unanimously.

Two or three years must elapse before much progress can be reported, for the machinery to provide such a large sum of money must, of necessity, move slowly. But, with a friendly Mayor and Board of Aldermen, and with the Rockford Chapter on the job to keep the idea fresh and vital, this portion of one of America's most beautiful rivers, the Rock, should soon be free from pollution.

Then, with Horicon Marsh restored to provide a more stable flow of water, and with the other cities along the course following in Rockford's footsteps—as Moline already shows signs of doing—this portion of Illinois should become popular as a resort for tourists, and as a source of recreation for its own citizens. (By Dr. R. E. Tull, President Rockford Chapter.)

THE Detroit Chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America effectively launched itself as an organization and began its active campaign for membership at a brilliant banquet held in commodious quarters at the General Motors Building, December 12. Preparations had been made to seat more than eight hundred guests, and there were no vacant places, although the "Scotch Mist," as Dr. MacPherson termed it, was heavy. Only a few short weeks ago six local sportsmen undertook to establish a Chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America in Detroit, and by the time napkins were unfolded at the inaugural banquet their number had been increased to a little more than one hundred members.

At this juncture things began to happen—the "Little Fisherman," who had secured for himself an invitation to hold a conference with President Coolidge by virtue of increasing the President's mail by about one million letters in five weeks and all on the same subject, was formally introduced. Good old Bill Dilg, all too modest, told me several times during the day that he was "no speaker"—arose to do his bit. A man more sincere, more earnest, more convincing, never faced an audience.

Then came the inimitable "Scotty"—Walter Henry Macpherson, of Joliet, Ill., brimming with a driving sincerity steeped in the finest of humor, who took up the great theme of conservation and impressed the audience with the immediate needs of combating the evils of pollution and the ruthless destruction of our wild life and our forests.

Then came our own Judge Ira Jayne of Detroit. A "worm fisherman" is our learned Judge, who watches the "cork and wishes," and dreams and dozes and whistles on lake or stream just for the fun of being out in the out-of-doors.

This entertainment was all worth while, as it accomplished our purpose. W. J. Paul, Secretary Detroit Chapter.

STATE CONVENTIONS

For February

Missouri at Kansas City	February 11
Michigan at Lansing	February 13
Ohio at Dayton	February 21
Illinois at Peoria	February 27-28

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A Talk with Dr. Henshall

(Continued from page 331)

lines and curves, as the brave fish fights for its life and bounds and leaps along the surface and the contemplative man becomes a hero in the strife. Surely the angler has chosen the better part."

Dr. Henshall's achievements are too well known to need detailed recounting here; how, when for nearly 12 years he was Supervisor of Fisheries at Bozeman, Montana, he was the first to artificially propagate the exquisite and delicate Grayling, as well as the first to successfully breed black bass in domestication by pond culture; how at Tupela, Mississippi, he built up the hatcheries there to be the largest and most productive in America. The Doctor would still have been at this post had it not been for his failing sight which caused him to resign. The value of these labors is only excelled by the writing of his books, most notably his Book of the Black Bass. This book will live forever as an angling classic, and as a monument to Dr. Henshall's life study of our great American game fish, the black bass, which, too, might be called an "angling classic."

Dr. Henshall's angling experiences have not been confined entirely to bass fishing; he has fished all over America from coast to coast, for everything from perch to tarpon, as well as on all the well known streams of Europe.

One of his most interesting stories is of an English friend of his, Major General Eustis Hill, whom after the Doctor had induced to exchange his salmon rods for more appropriate tarpon tackle, he had initiated into the joys of tarpon fishing in Florida, and who ever afterwards proclaimed tarpon fishing as equal to the two other most thrilling sports, in his opinion, salmon fishing and "tiger sticking."

Another English friendship highly prized by Dr. Henshall, is that of R. B. Marston, noted English angler, writer, and editor of Great Britain's oldest fishing weekly.

Though it was 30 years ago that Dr. Henshall and Judge Longworth of Cincinnati, Congressman Nicholas Longworth's father, made a world cruise together, hunting and fishing, Dr. Henshall remembers vividly and gratefully with what extreme kindness Mr. Marston treated them during their stay in England, above all, helping them to get splendid fishing.

Dr. Henshall has just finished revising and preparing proofs for a new edition of The Book of the Black Bass, this in spite of the fact that he has great trouble with his eyes, being able to read only with a strong magnifying glass. This is surely a tremendous handicap and grief to him, but I doubt if he has ever uttered a complaint. It is a far greater grief to him that a few years ago Mrs. Henshall lost her eyesight. Mrs. Henshall was well known as a botanist and an exceptionally skillful painter of wild flowers.

Dr. Henshall's pre-eminence in the field of fish culture and his long and valuable apprenticeship in the study and knowledge of the black bass, undoubtedly entitled him to be elected Fish Commissioner of the United States. His nomination for this office was approved by President Grover Cleveland and it is said that Dr. Henshall had enough support to have elected a cabinet officer, when the interest of "Fighting" Bob Evans was enlisted to procure the appointment for a friend of his. "Fighting" Bob was a close friend and a fishing pal of Grover Cleveland's, and his influence unfortunately helped in the doing of a great injustice. Not the least interesting part of the entire story is the utter lack of rancor or resentment on Dr. Henshall's part. He understands with sweet reasonableness the respective desires of the President and Admiral Evans to help a friend, particularly a "fishing" friend.

The words of Epictetus admonishing a man to conduct himself through life as he would at a banquet—accepting smilingly what was set before him whether he liked it or not—have been literally followed by Dr. Henshall with the happiest of character building results. He is an inspiring example of the truth which sometimes we forget, that work well done is of such intense personal satisfaction that regardless of what material success follows, it is its own perfect reward.

He has played an honorable, useful and distinguished part in life—the world, America, each one of us is benefited by his having lived. On February 29, 1924, he will be 88 years old. He is in good health, to be sure, but his eyesight is failing and he has not reached a goal of worldly success, but he is unembittered, unsoured, and "inch by inch, as game as he can be," earning his living by his pen and in spite of this, devoting time and effort each month to editing the Pollution department for this magazine, free of cost, because he says he believes that we must stand shoulder to shoulder against the dread menace of the pollution of our waters and the destruction of our outdoorland. "Tell them," he said, and he meant **you**, "if we don't act now, it will be too late. **Now** is our only and last opportunity."

He's still working, you see, still playing the game, still refusing to quit—like the black bass he loves so well. And his new edition of the Book of the Black Bass should be in the library of every angler. Why not get your copy at once, so that the large number of the books sold may be an immediate and practical proof to Dr. Henshall of the friendship and gratitude of each one of us.

Not only as one of the foremost fish cultural scientists of America and as an angling writer of distinction, are we to salute Dr. Henshall on his 88th birthday, but also as a distinguished and delightful American of whom we may say, paraphrasing great Walton, "God doubtless could have made a finer gentleman, but doubtless He never did."

An Angler's Recital

A composite picture taken of Dr. Henshall over thirty years ago.

TRIBUTES TO DR. HENSHALL

From Outers'-Recreation, Feb., 1922.

Random Casts, By Will H. Dilg

"THE longer I live the more I love to fish. The more I fish, the sounder, finer, and more humanizing that form of communion with Nature appears. To promote it is to do humanity great and lasting good.

"My hat is off accordingly, and I bow my head to the man whose writings I have devoured and whose footsteps I have tried to follow in many parts of that glorious home of fishermen which we call the United States.

"That Doctor Henshall has lived so long is great cause for thankfulness. That he has lived so well is cause still greater. That he has lived so long and so well as a fisherman is cause for the greatest rejoicing of all. Though he cannot live better, may he live much longer, and in the distant end pass rod in hand into the land where no streams go dry, no fish refuse to answer his fly, and it is always June."

—Gifford Pinchot

"SOME years ago, in 1883, to be exact, I opened the July number of the Century magazine and read a story by Dr. Henshall on the pleasures of black bass fishing. Up to that time I had regarded a fish as food and as food only; in my opinion the lowly perch, pike and humble bullhead equalled the lordly salmon, save that they weighed less. But the Doctor's narrative was strongly imbued with the spirit of pure sport, and made clear

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to me there was much more to fishing than the mere fish. Fired by his glowing words, I saddled my pony, tied on a tin bait pail, and with my fifteen foot cane 'pole' held upright, like the lance of a knight of old, I rode to a nearby lake and caught my first black bass.

"That was my downward step. Till then I had been a model youth, diligent at school, industrious at home, but after that—I burn with shame to confess it, but the truth will out—often I played hookey to fish for black bass. And in later years I have been known to 'lay down', to quote some of my associates, on matters which demanded attention to cast the fly for the same fish. But, oh, I've had a lot of fun! And the one to whom I owe the pleasure is that Grand Old Man among anglers, Dr. James A. Henshall, the master of us all.

"More power to him! May he be spared to our fraternity for eighty-six years more."

—B. F. Wilder.

"OUR American Izaak Walton is eighty-six this month! And ancient Sir Izaak, gentle soul, let your spirit fingers touch lightly on our old grey Doctor in friendly clasp on his natal day as equal brothers of the angle.

"Who would not be eighty-six with such a wealth of remembrances to enjoy?"

"TO look back to the first bait rod, to our own lures, however made, to watch them fall in memory amid the beauty of the old Kentucky streams, and to remember the deep, smooth pool below the old sycamore—what thoughts have been yours, good Doctor, as you looked into that dark and silent water?

"And one morning in Spring, just below the big ripple, you raised your eyes to the flash of a cardinal. Ah, a strike! And you missed! Well, that flash of flame among the white dogwood blossoms and the love of that cardinal were well worth the fish.

"Who would not be eighty-six and have the heart of every angler beat just a little faster with love for you?

"America's Izaak Walton, gentle soul, what pleasures must be yours; what remembrances; what brooks must murmur in your dreams!

"America's Izaak Walton, Dr. Henshall, here's to you. I'd love to clasp your hand."

—W. L. Brann.

"IT is with pleasure that I accede to your request to write 'two hundred words or less' upon the occasion of the eighty-sixth birthday anniversary of a man to whom all anglers are so greatly indebted, Dr. James A. Henshall.

"To have lived to reach the ripe age of four score and six years is allotted to few of the sons of Adam, and to have retained one's physical powers and mental faculties sufficiently to go afishing at that age, and to write entertainingly of it, is given to still fewer.

"To have attained this enviable distinction one must have been not only an 'outer' but an 'out and outer.' Environment, too, means much. Kentucky, the home of eloquent and brave men, beautiful women, fine horses, good whisky, the multiplying reel, has given us also that Grand Old Man, Dr. Henshall, who has done more than any other one man to place the black bass where he belongs in the angler's calendar. A man whose fly has dimpled the waters from the arctic circle to the tropics, sums up his experience as an angler in a dictum to which we all subscribe. 'The black bass—inch for inch, pound for pound—the gamest fish that swims.'

"A health to the Silver Doctor! May his purse keep pace with his heart and may he live a thousand years."

—Thomas Ambrose.

"THERE are many millions of fishermen in America and every mother's son of them has a warm spot in his heart for Doctor James Alexander Henshall. I know of no man who has done so much of a valuable nature for fishing in general as has this Grand Old Man of American angling. I can never forget the reception Doctor Henshall received at our annual Fishermen's dinner three years ago. There were some six or seven hundred present on that occasion, and when the Doctor's name was given by the toastmaster he was received with something more than thunderous applause because there was in it a feeling which could only come from the heart of the audience. Long may our noble Doctor live. He has rendered and is rendering a great service to his fellow countrymen, and his memory will live forever and grow greener as time moves on its way. A health to Doctor Henshall. Long may he live and prosper."

—Fred N. Peet.

"ON the 29th of this month Dr. James A. Henshall will have reached the eighty-sixth milestone. My admiration for him began at the tender age of eleven. Then he was in the early forties and was, as he is now, the greatest of American fishermen.

"All my life I have gloried in the achievements of our famous anglers, past and present, and there are many who have awakened my ardent appreciation. As I write I think of Frank Forester, Reuben Wood, Seth Green, Charles Hallock, good old Fred Mather, and Charles F. Murphy, inventor of the split bamboo rod. Then come W. C. Prime, F. E. Pond, Robert B. Roosevelt, H. P. Wells, Charles F. Holder, and the men of their day. And then the men of now—Dr. Henry van Dyke, Emerson Hough, and my friends Zane Grey and Robert H. Davis. They show up big and have written so beautifully of the noble sport of fishing that their work will not perish.

"I have purposely left out one, perhaps the greatest of them, none less than Thaddeus Norris, of Virginia, author of 'American Angler's Book, 1864.' And acclaimed by common consent 'Father of American Angling.'

"God forbid that I should challenge this just title, but I would add in equal honor alongside of 'Uncle Thad' the name of James A. Henshall and would declare them jointly Fathers of American Angling. Only those who do not know of the life work and the great deeds of Dr. Henshall would offer a protest. May I suggest if there be any such that they straightway buy 'The Book of the Black Bass.' With a prayer in my heart I hope our good old Doctor will continue to guide us by precept and example for many years to come."

—Will H. Dilg.

BUY
Dr. Henshall's
Book of the Black Bass.

The Albino Buck

(Continued from page 343)

I followed deer trail after deer trail on the sound-muffling snow that morning, while the sun climbed up in the sky, and grew warmer than it had been for days. Then at noon the wind veered into the south—and I came back to the cabin in the evening across a forest world that was gray and green and brown again.

I had but two more days to stay now, and on my way into the hills west of the lake the next morning, I debated whether I should change my plans and give myself another week. The warm sun rapidly dried the water of yesterday's snow from the needles underfoot, and it became one of those rustly autumn days, when a deer can hear you coming a long way off, even against the wind.

In mid-afternoon I came down the side of a steep ridge to a little cold sparkling trout stream and knelt down and drank from it. Then I went on north into the next valley and turned eastward toward the cabin. It was no use to stay out late that day. A mile farther on I started back toward the little stream for a second drink. I came to the crest of the ridge and stood for a moment looking into the spruce across the valley. The wind was over my shoulder—and suddenly there was a crashing in the underbrush below me! A doe leaped out and bounded away up the opposite slope—and then I caught a flash of white among the trees!* The albino buck was following her! The milk-white body flung itself high across a fallen log—and I threw up my rifle as it speeded on! (Concluded in March)

*See cover illustration.

Pollution

(Continued from page 339)

without injury to the waste matter from that industry, which may be salvaged and utilized in such manner as to produce a revenue more than sufficient to cover the expense of purification. Upon hearing this statement half a dozen chemists jumped to the test tubes and insisted upon making their own tests to substantiate this statement. They did so to the satisfaction of the silk industry representatives and Mr. Seydel.

Public Demonstration Suggested

From these experiments and the remarkable results shown came the suggestion from several sources that a public demonstration be given at the next session of the Legislature of New Jersey. It was proposed that the Passaic Valley Sewerage Commission, the State Board of Health, the Potable Water Supply Commission, the State Oyster Commission, the Board of Commerce and Navigation, the Board of Conservation and Development and all local health officials should be called. The object of the conference would be to make it clear that there is no longer any excuse for anti-pollution law violators.

Especially insistent upon some such move are the men who were present from the Passaic Valley district and the potable water experts, who have been for years fighting the dangerous pollution of the Whippany River by the paper mills on that stream. Mr. Seydel stated that he would be pleased to have a demonstration to the Legislature and State and local health officials at any time agreeable to them.

Angling Memories

By MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE

Edited by WILL H. DILG

Every Fisherman Has at Least One Good Fishing Story in His System

Sketches by R. Feyerweather Babcock

John Bass and Tom Turkey

By J. L. PHILLIPS

TAKING it from the standpoint of a Sportsman, I think it absolutely just and befitting, that, should a true Angler experience or hear of a locality furnishing good sport, it is nothing short of his duty to tell others, that they also could enjoy it.

Before the advent of the Saw-Mill, Eastern Texas being clad almost entirely with a forest of long-leaf pine timber, was an exceptionally fine section to visit in quest of fly-fishing for large-mouth bass. To-day it is somewhat different, however there yet remain a number of fine clear streams.

Nearly all the small water courses are spring-fed, and nicely bordered by a growth of beech, magnolia and bay trees, usually no underbrush is encountered along the bank, making it ideal for the fly-fisherman.

Due to the clear cool water and the hard sandy bottom, wading is ideal and I consider the most pleasant mode of fishing. One does not need rubber boots nor stockings, in this climate it is delightful to don woolen underwear, wool socks and a pair of canvas shoes with rubber soles, covered with a cheap pair of overalls and you are ready for walking or wading.

I have never found the bass large in these streams, two pounds I think about as large as usually taken, but the environment makes them very lively and strong, I should say worthy the attention of any angler.

It is the writer's wish to describe a day's sport on one of these fine pine-land streams.

Before sun-up I was ready with a book of flies, a 3½ oz. split cane rod and as much expectation for a fine day as any angler ever had. The little stream met my first sight of it with a placid smile and a suppressed gurgle. . . . For the information of the northern angler, I want to say that the flow of water of this little southern stream was not swift enough to sing to you as it flowed by; there were no boulders of granite amid stream to make a great whirlpool or eddy formed for the express purpose of enticing a deftly cast fly; there were no long rapids for the water to race over until it was white and there was no mountain scenery to charm the angler while engaged in this most charming and delightful pursuit. The hermit thrush was conspicuous by his absence, but the low liquid notes of the wood-thrush or southern nightingale soothed the heart of the angler and lightened his steps.

The sun was not up very high when I reached the first likely pool. I was casting a single Gray Palmer. Of course I have no way of proving it, but I am confident no fly had ever been cast on this stream before, but those bass took the fly as if they had been feeding on such all their lives, even the little bass under a half pound and less were just as eager for the feathers and tinsel as their sturdier brethren. Very few fishermen in Texas use the fly-rod or know anything about fly-fishing.

I found the stream contained many bass, in fact most of the sunfish family were represented by choice, highly colored, specimens, such as war-mouth, rock-bass and other lesser sunfishes. I took fish from nearly every pool, some of them were small, that is, under a pound in weight, all of which I classed as too small to keep, so placed them tenderly back in their native element, that they might grow larger and some day give another fisherman as good or even better sport than had been given me. The fish were small, yet with a light rod and light tackle, any true angler can thoroughly enjoy himself with a bass in such water weighing but a half pound.

By ten o'clock I had gone up stream about two miles when I came to what I was sure was the best pool of all. Here the stream made quite an abrupt bend and a bluff of considerable height on the opposite side from where I stood. A low growth of underbrush covered this bluff, but very few large trees were close by. My side of the stream was low, clean and white as white sand could make it, one of those shaded, secluded spots, restful to the eye and inviting to children and men who would delight in removing their shoes and stockings so as to tread the white sand.

A few feet from where I stood was an immense beech tree, whose gnarled trunk and umbrageous limbs would indicate its having stood sunshine and storm for many years; time and flood had exposed the roots of this grand old tree on the side next the stream, quite a network of roots extended well out into the water, making a tangle admirably suited for the home of a bass. An old log lay half extended across the pool, one end buried in the bank and covered with moss.

The pool was I should say about forty feet in width and as clear as gin, any bass fisherman looking into that water would have sworn I would have had a rise to the first cast, but such was not my fortune. However, on making my second cast a bit nearer the old log a fine bass met the fly about five inches above the water. The moment he felt the steel he did his best to gain his retreat under the old log and my little bamboo was severely taxed to prevent it. Foiled in his efforts he next came out in clear water, stood on his tail shaking his head from side to side.

Next he decided to go down deep so as to gain a little time for thinking of the next best of his tactics to use and at same time make a good test as to the strength of my line. His plan of action came into operation with a suddenness that almost proved my undoing. He bowed his back and came at me with the speed of an arrow, determined to get into that tangle of roots which was within a foot of where I stood. No reel on earth could have taken in line sufficiently fast to have prevented his object, so I had to strip the line hastily in, letting it fall at my feet. Again the dear little rod was taxed to the breaking point but it held the bass long enough to turn him aside and force him out into clear water once more.

He made another round or two of the pool and then began to show signs of being tired, a few more struggles in an aimless way and he was done and without any objection he permitted me to slip the landing net beneath him. I estimated his weight at 1¾ lbs.

Now brother anglers, that bass was a big-mouthed bass, he was as game as any bass I have ever hooked corresponding in size, either small-mouth or big-mouth or from any water in the United States or Canada. I did not take a watch and time the fight he gave me, but I'm fully prepared to say, he must have fought me for one and a half minutes. Many sportsmen, who claim to have bass fight them from fifteen to forty-five minutes, may laugh at the time I mention but for all that class, I would only suggest a watch be used to determine the time, and then I'm quite sure some people are going to be wiser. I have timed many encounters with bass, both in Canada and our own United States and want to say frankly, I have never had a bass of any size play quite as long as five (5) minutes.

Hours later, I was occupied with thoughts of retracing my steps and somewhat absorbed with the beauty of the spot, when my attention was called to other game.

FOR many years I have been a fisherman and perhaps know as many devotees of this sport as any man. I have always believed that the caption on this page is absolutely true. It reads: "Every fisherman has at least one good fishing story in his system." If that statement is not true I have a particular breed of friends that are altogether different from the average angler, because every fisherman I have ever known has at least one good fishing story in his system. Some of us have many—like Dr. Van Dyke and Dr. Henshall.

We are striving our best to make "Angling Memories" a bright spot in the magazine and if the anglers of the League do not do their bit and help out where can we expect help? It's up to you, my brother—now, come across, send us an angling memory and win a prize.

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

Over across the pool and from out the low bushes already spoken of that clothed the bluff, came the alarm note of a wild turkey. I can't say whether the turkey had already seen me or whether the note given was one usually made when about to walk out into the open.

It took only a few seconds for me to prepare for what I knew was to come, I mean the rigid inspection I was to pass through. I took a position, back against the big beech tree facing the direction across the pool, rested the butt of my rod on the toe of my shoe and stood as rigid as possible. Knowing the turkey as I do, I felt sure it would never do for me to bat an eye or make the least movement of any muscle while the bird was in position to see me, should I wish to determine the nature of the turkey's motives.

I had not many seconds to wait. Soon I detected a slight movement in the underbrush on the bluff, and a second more the blue head of a turkey gobbler was thrust up high enough to command the entire surrounding. Quick sighted enough it only took a second it seemed, for him to see all, then the head was withdrawn. Then came a silence, there was not a strut or any noise whatever, a quiver to the underbrush was the only indication I had he was moving.

Such silence heightens the intensity of one's feeling on such an occasion and my nerves were strung to the tightest tension. A second or two more, it seemed like an hour, the head of the gobbler came into sight once more, it was held perfectly still for another

Fishing for Fish

By FLORENCE PENNOYER

I THINK I must have been born with the love of fishing, for I can hardly remember when I did not fish. And never in my life have I lived much more than a stone's throw from a lake or river. My most exciting memory was my first black bass; caught at Half Moon Lake, Eau Claire, Wisconsin.

I was only fourteen, could not swim, and the lake had a deep mud bottom, but the shore was glittering agates. In spite of my mother's admonitions and my father's advice, I could not keep away from that lake.

There were piers down the middle of the lake connected by boom-sticks, and the mills, a few miles below, used the lake for the sorting and rafting of logs. An old scow, partly decked over, that we poled to and fro was usually floating about in the open spaces. I persisted in running across the logs instead of going three miles to where there was a bridge. There was a magic island there with all kinds of berries, wintergreen and hazel nuts. Many a girl chum has got a ducking by trying to follow

prize. I don't know what he weighed, but all agreed it was some stunt to land him. Other girls would say to me, "I don't see how you do it, I stand right by you and don't get a bite." The only reason I know of for it is that they were just fishing, I always fished for fish. The moment always seemed propitious when I was—well—at the other end of the rod. The time, the place, the girl AND the fish, are a hard combination to beat. I have scientifically reeled them in since, but my big catches have been with the despised bamboo.

The Muskie's Last Lunge

By THEO. C. MENGES

ON Wisconsin's rippling waters,
Thinking of the day that's past.
Waiting for the muskie's lunges,
At the bait that you have cast.

Evening comes a stealing o'er you,
As the sun begins to go.
Still you hope that you'll be lucky,
While your boat is moving slow.

Nothing doing: nothing stirring:
As you cast your bait around.
Nothing but the waves a' splashing,

I'll Tell You About a River

(Continued from page 348)

again while it shakes off the water left from its recent drenching.

Underfoot the earth is soft and "squshy" to bare toes and muddy rivulets hurry, gurgling by on all sides, carrying a feast for the fishes of the river for many worms are washed away and numerous bugs of all kinds and sizes have lost their lives or been dashed helplessly into the flood rivulets to drift on into the hungry maw of waiting fish or crawfish under the Little River's surface where secret tragedies are hourly taking place unseen by the eyes of men.

Then sunshine comes, a-glitter with gold and jewels, sweet with the odor of green things growing and singing in the fresh south wind—a world so full of life and activity that one is of coarse fibre indeed if he does not feel the joy of living.

Already the hot smell of growing corn and grain fields begins to ride the winds for these shoulder up to the Little River where men have broken the prairie sod and they must hurry to ripen their seeds while the sun is north of the line for the Little River is not always a garden—sometimes it is locked in iron hard ice two feet thick and the blizzards tear at its leafless, helpless trees and a mighty cold clamps down like death until springtime comes to melt it away with a breath as sweet as a baby kiss.

Springtime! Oh, what a place the Little River is then! Alive with new life everywhere from the first green shoot of grass blade through the hurrying hours when the buds swell and the blue Johnny-jump-ups bloom, the willows leaf out and perfume the air with the first flower odor that brings the honey bees a-swarming to fumble and droon and gather the sweetest honey in all the world, willow-honey that we can get this fall when we take the honey bees' hoard from hollow Elm limb somewhere among the small groves—don't you know? Aye!

And so it goes along—the Little River a lovable, sociable, companionable little stream that comes from the vague mystery beyond the northern horizon and leisures along down its limestone floored path to the Place where Rivers Go, gurgling along under a blue sky full of sunshine and windswept as clean as clean, crossing a land rolling away to the edge of the world, a bounteous spread of hills and valley billowing like the sea with golden grain flung here and there across the hills like soft yellow silk banners or grassed with lush grass as thick as the hair on the back of a dog.

Surely Brother, such a land and such a river were worth knowing.

Hours of an afternoon, flat on my back, I watched the cloud fleets hurry across a sky so blue it was bottomless and I wondered at the mysteries I could not understand.

Likely then I let go of reality and lived in the land of boy-imagination where I sailed the Spanish Main to and fro and Pirated the seas most bloodthirstily—or hunted my Buffalo on the plains westward from the Little River with the best hunters there.

Oh, man—those were the days! And you were always Captain—don't you remember—in charge of the ship, and you always came snoring home with "a gale on the quarter an' a bone in 'er teeth and the hatches battened down over a full cargo of bone and ile!" Didn't you voyage so, Brother?

I did—flat on my back in the grateful shade of spreading trees on the bank of a Little River that flowed as sweet as Peace itself across a prairie as wide and open and empty as the sky!

And day by day I camped and fished and swam the summers away; I gathered berries and nuts in season; I skated countless miles over glass-smooth ice and learned the cold weather habits of the Little River when winter came so I could skim the smooth ice with the swift ease of a swallow's flight, I watched things grow and ripen and die and so I came to an understanding of life and its renewal, its seasons and changes, its mysteries and its great principles.

Also I found many things to wonder at; the stiff gauze wing of the Dragon fly was different for it had no blood, no circulation, no life—yet it was alive and it functioned perfectly; it was (and is), a marvelous thing; and a feather, what a beautiful thing it was when one had the time to study it, what a masterpiece of perfect workmanship and engineering! If man could make things like these truly he would be great; but he cannot, therefore he remains as he is and continues to be only Man!

The soft inner bark came in the trees in the sweet smelling springtime and it made a new layer of skin under the old and thereby it split the old, dry bark open and forced it back—and so the tree grew bigger each year. What a mystery that was! How could such things be? Some of these questions I've not yet found answer for!

In the fall time the Indians would fire the prairie grass and then the Little River would glare red as blood under the reflected light of red hot sky, miles and miles broad, hanging over a blazing world where the fire front raced across the land under the urge of a roaring, self created gale to lick up living things with one hot slash of fiery tongue and rush on, leaving behind a blackened, smoking world strewn here and there with seared bodies for the buzzards that always hung just outside the pall of black smoke which rose and spread for miles to dim the sun in the Prairie-fire season.

Sometimes floods came and the Little River became a raging wild thing that bit into its banks and tore the trees out by the roots to roll them away in the foaming flood until they were reduced to maimed and broken "snags" that bedded in the bottom and gathered drift that stopped the silt and in time built up an island where the willows grew and the cottonwood got foothold and split the river into two fretful currents instead of the quiet river it was elsewhere.

Plums and wild grapes were had for the taking and many small things lived along the river's length for there were Wolves and Coyotes, 'Coons, Rabbits, Squirrels, Mink, Muskrat, Beaver, an occasional Otter, Weasels, a few Foxes, many kinds of birds, Quails, Waterfowl, in season, and a multitude of lesser life from the Catfish, "Walleyes" Bream and Buffalo-fish down to Minnows and Garter snakes and sometimes a deadly gray Massasaugua Rattler to be listened for.

Sometimes, even when I first knew the river, a deer would stray in from the west and I'd find his tracks or possibly "jump" him in my rambles.

Mostly the Deer, Buffalo, Antelope, Elk and wild horses were already gone, though not so long before my Little River had companioned with them all as familiars of long standing.

After winter was done the "spring rise" was always accompanied by floods of snow water that smashed the heavy ice and sent it down stream, grinding together with a great noise and girdling the unfortunate trees when a jam backed the water up to flood the bottoms and float the heavy ice back into the groves of timber—many ice marks were always to be found in certain places where the high banks held the waters back in flood time.

In certain places the river bed of limestone broke up and blocked the water and here it formed rapids where the water ran white with foam and roared its objections to obstructing its channel.

These places were full of eddies and deep unexpected holes where the fishes lurked and here I waded, carefully in the currents, boldly in the backwaters, to cast my Minnow or Frog and take delight in the battles that followed in the roar of twisting currents.

Since then I have fished many waters but never has the old-time thrill been present that came in those days when a twenty or thirty pound channel catfish fought me among the twisting currents of one of my Little River rapids until one of us was licked! And it was as apt to be one as the other!

The thrill of swift motion came when I voyaged down stream through these rapids in a light canvas canoe, as I often did coming or going, down or up, on travel trips from camp to town or back again. It was expert paddlework to bring a loaded canoe through those white, snarling, twisting currents and occasionally I failed to make it—thereby I learned to handle a boat in swift water and to know and respect the power of running streams.

If I could wave a wand and do magic things I think I would go to that Valley of Peace and I'd wave my wand and say: "Be thou again my Beloved, my Little River of the Times that Were."

Than the accomplishment of such a desired end I know of nothing in all the world which would be, to me, more desirable.

Fishing Picture

By MAURICE M. FRINK

THERE was an owl
In a willow tree
As we rowed
Along the shore. . . .
Did the bass bite?
What baits did we use?
I don't recall
Any more—
But I remember
The song of water
Dripping off an oar,
And an owl that sat
In a willow tree
As we rowed
Along the shore.

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

The Lost Legend

(Continued from page 361)

that my handsome friend Chunk can't fry an egg to save his life, and I couldn't make a baking powder biscuit to save my soul from hell. But if you ain't with the cruisers," he added, turning to face me, "what do you aim to do way up in this corner o' God's one mistake?"

Here was my chance. With a vague sort of misgiving, I replied:

"The truth is, I am looking for the camp of Paul Bunyan——"

"Come on, come on now, none o' your sass," said Chunk, glowering at me, "we was just askin' a friendly question, thinkin' we might help—"

"But I'm answering you, if you'll let me!" I replied hotly, "I tell you I am looking for Bunyan's layout, and if there's any harm in that, I don't see it."

Again Chunk started to say something, but his companion raised a hand in warning and turned to me.

"Never mind, Chunk," he said, "let the boy tell us about it. Now, perhaps, we can help him to locate this fellow Bunyan. Chunk," he continued, after pausing a moment as though in deep thought, "I reckon this here is one o' Bunyan's camps, itself, ain't it?"

Chunk leaned back against the shanty wall. "Well, if it ain't now, it used to be. In fact, Paul told me he used this place the winter o' the heavy frost, when Lake Superior froze solid. You recall the incident, Angus—Paul had to cut the lake up into chunks and haul it out on the shore to melt—"

"A thing," said Angus, keeping in perfect tune with Chunk, "which can be proved to this day by the great number o' streams that are still running off the north shore into the lake, Paul having used the north shore for hauling the ice out because the sun got a better—"

I could restrain myself no longer.

"Then I know this camp!" I cried, "why, my two friends (perhaps you know them) Darby O'Brien and Ted Cameron worked here that very winter.. Did you know them—Ted Cameron, it was, and Darby O'Brien; big fellows, both?"

"No," said Chunk, "but perhaps Angus does. Ever heard o' the two, Angus?"

"Not until now," said Angus, stroking his chin, "but I did know a lot o' men who worked for Bunyan. I had a friend once," he said meditatively, "who cooked for Paul. A close, good friend o' mine, he was, and he worked for Bunyan the year o' the blue snow. He used to tell me something about Bunyan's kitchen. By God, boy, there was a kitchen!" And he stopped for several minutes, and ran his fingers through his hair, as though overwhelmed with the excellence of Paul Bunyan's kitchen.

"Do you know," the words came so suddenly I was startled, "that Paul Bunyan had the biggest stove ever seen in the woods? Now mind ye, I never did really see it (though I did work for Paul on the Big Onion) but Jimmy Du Fresne did. Du Fresne's dead now. Died o' too much baking powder bis—"

"Too much damned sourdough!" hastily put in Chunk.

"Too much baking powder biscuits," continued Angus steadily. "But anyway, this stove o' Bunyan's. The exact size has long since been lost. Not a single piece of it remains, but what is known about it is, that the firebox held eight cords o' wood—"

He Meets for the First Time the Wonderful Stove of Paul Bunyan, and Is Amazed at the Size of It.

"Eight cords!" My exclamation was involuntary.

"It wasn't that it held so much wood that the cooks used to complain about," said Chunk, continuing his companion's story, "but it used to make them mad because by the time they'd get back to the oven after having put in the eight cords o' wood, the fire would be out."

"My friend Du Fresne tried a new scheme," said Angus, "and he put the bread in the oven before firing up, but by the time he'd get back to the oven (the stove was so big) the bread would all be burnt."

I opened my mouth to speak, but Chunk was too fast for me.

"I once knew a fellow whose cousin worked for Paul the winter o' the blue snow, and he was in the cook shanty too. He was telling me about this stove—probably the same one, Angus: was it the winter o' the blue snow that Du Fresne worked there? . . . . I thought so. Well, sir, this friend o' mine said that his cousin told him that he wished he'd kept track o' the size o' the ash pile outside the shanty. All he could remember, definite, about it was that it was so high it had snow on all the year around."

"What the devil!" I ejaculated, but the other cook went on:

"And the griddle on that stove! Why, they had six little colored boys that used to tie slabs o' bacon on their feet and skate over that griddle to grease it, and on a busy morning a person couldn't see across it because of the steam. At first this seemed unnecessary, but you've got to remember that Bunyan worked big crews. When you see a six-horse team galloping down the dining room with a crew o' men dishing out pancakes with pitchforks——"

"And a four-horse team doing nothing but distribute pepper—" put in Chunk.

"—then, perhaps, you can get an idea of the number of men he had to feed. Why, the winter he logged off North Dakota, the Seven Axemen of the Red River and the Little Chore Boy alone required three hundred cooks, so you can imagine what a kitchen he had on the Big Onion (the year o' the two winters) when he had a crew so big that he never knew within several hundred how many men he had working—one day nearly ten thousand laid off, and he never knew it. He used to get reduced rates from the U. S. Treasury on his money, he used so much on pay day, and that's a fact."

"But probably the best cook Paul ever had," said Chunk, "was his own cousin, Big Joe. Big Joe used his head. Paul tried to drive the Blue Ox over Bull Frog pond when the ice was only eight feet thick, with

Big Joe Uses His Head in an Emergency, and Saved the Camp Soup Supply.

(Continued on page 382)

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CASTING ROD (A masterpiece in rod making)
Hand made and high grade, beautiful in finish, snappy in action, and powerful casters, $20.00 each. "Old Hickory" Rods for ALL kinds of fishing, $12.00 to $100.00 each.
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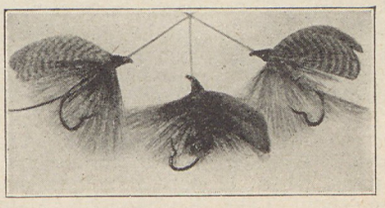


THEY HOLD THE BIG FISH

"Smiling Bill" Has a Busy Day

Dear Ike:—

I am so blamed busy just now between dolling up for the big doings to celebrate the second birthday of the Izaak Walton League and writing letters to about a hundred Ikes who want to know all about my barbless hook, filling orders, answering telephone calls, running errands, shoveling coal and being bossed around generally by the help, that I just naturally aint got time to write ads.

Speaking about the birthday celebration reminds me that the Izaak Walton League baby is sure some baby for a two-year old. If that baby keeps on growing the way he has he will be a full grown man before he is four years old. And he'll have a knock-out punch like Jack Dempsey. Our barbless hook is growing just as fast. Between the two of 'em we are going to have some regular fishing again before very long. So it behooves you to boost the League and use Jamison Barbless Hooks and see to it that your friends do the same.

Ed. Taylor says our barbless "is destined to revolutionize fly fishing."

"Wisconsin Cal" says "it will save more fish than all the game laws now in effect."

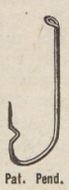
"Ozark Ripley" says it is "The greatest thing ever produced in tackle."

We have their letters and a lot more and they all say our hooks surely do hold the fish. Drop me a word and I'll send them along.

BILL JAMISON.

P. S.—I nearly forgot to tell you the big news. But never mind. Aint got time now, anyhow. Tell you next month.

THEY SAVE THE LITTLE ONES



Pat. Pend.

Send for our great list of testimonials and photos and our list of patterns and prices of wet and dry flies for both trout and bass fishing. Also barbless hooks for fly tying.
Write now while you think of it.

The W. J. Jamison Co.
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Lake Koshkonong

Koshkonong once was a by-word of all sportsmen, the country over. Remember the days when the hotels of New York served "Koshkonong canvas back," and the folks thought they could not get anything better anywhere?

By FRANK SINCLAIR
Sports Editor, Janesville (Wis.) Daily Gazette

RATTLING across the dreary lands of Montana on the way home from the Dempsey-Gibbons heavyweight boxing match at Shelby on the night of July 4, I was introduced to a kindly old gent from Omaha.

The next day, in the smoking compartment, that genial sporting editor, "Sandy" Griswold of Omaha, went into ecstasy when I started talking with him about Lake Koshkonong, a few miles from Janesville.

"Say, tell me, how is Koshkonong?" queried "Sandy" with that wonderful light in his eyes that comes from close association with Mother Nature and her offspring. "Tell me, is there any hunting of duck up there anymore? No? What a dirty shame. Well, I guess old Koshkonong is going like all the rest of them.

"Why, son, I can remember forty years ago when I used to go to Koshkonong, it was the best place for duck in the whole United States except Chesapeake Bay. We never brought down anything but canvas back. They were there by the thousands. Oh, the mudhen and all the rest were there, too, but we couldn't be bothered with them. Gone, all gone. What a shame."

Yes, they are gone. Nowadays if a hunter can get a mudhen at Koshkonong, he's happy, wildly so. Even mudhens seldom stay more than a night. And, Koshkonong is almost no more.

No more? Not yet. No, not yet if the Janesville Izaak Walton chapter, first in Wisconsin, knows anything about it. Nor are the fish to be all gone, though carp is nearly all that is left.

The ways of civilization have sought to blot out this remarkable spot, this 24,000 acres of once most natural game country. When the Indians were here, they marveled at its beauty and when they thought of the "happy hunting ground" of the life after death, they pictured Lake Koshkonong.

What has happened? No better story may be told than that of a representative of the United States Biological survey who has just completed an investigation at the request of the Janesville "Ikes."

Report by D. R. Hylan U. S. Biological Survey

THE last 20 years have brought about a vast change in the size and appearance of Lake Koshkonong. Formerly it was nothing but a flooded marsh with Rock river running through it. The water, with a maximum of 1½ feet, was very clear, and fish and game exceedingly abundant. The lake was so densely filled with duck foods and other aquatic and marsh plants that boats had to be poled, and not rowed through. Furthermore, there was not enough open water to allow the wind to produce any waves. At that time there were no carp in the lake, and conditions were the best for the feeding and breeding of fish and wild fowl.

At the present time, the lake is all open water, averaging 5 feet, and so murky that it is impossible to see to a depth of more than 2 or 3 inches. Now there are practically no blue-gills, perch or bass left, while pike, bullheads and dogfish are about the only fish caught, and these only in very small numbers. Buffalo fish and garfish are very common, while carp are so abundant they seem to keep the whole lake disturbed and densely filled with fine mud.

Vegetation Is All Gone.

Except for the marshes, absolutely the only sign of vegetation in the lake itself is an occasional spear of Scirpus fluviatilis rising above the water a quarter or half a mile from shore. The lake is so large for its depth that now the slightest wind will raise such choppy waves that the lake becomes dangerous for boating. These waves keep the water stirred up and greatly increase the water action upon the shores. All the vegetable food for fish seems to have entirely disappeared from the lake proper.

The question now arises, "What has caused all this change?"

The inhabitants around the lake lay the difference to carp and a change in the water level. The carp are constantly rooting around in the mud about the marsh vegetation. Of course, when the mud has all been removed from the roots of vegetation, the water will complete the destruction. Moreover, probably the carp eat the plants themselves. Some think that the carp could never have reached all that vegetation if the water had remained at its original level.

$5,000,000 Estimated Damage

This brings up the discussion of the change in water level. In the neighborhood of 1850, a dam was built at Indian Ford, about seven miles below the lake on its outlet, Rock river. This dam did not make much difference in the water level, for it was used chiefly to hold back the lake water as a sort of reservoir to furnish an even water supply for various mills on the river below. Thus the water was gradually let out so that there was no remarkable change from the previous seasons. In 1917 a new dam was built, supposedly the same height as the old one, but actually quite a bit higher. Since that time, the water level has risen probably 18 inches, which has caused some $5,000,000 damage to surrounding farms and property.

The spring freshets always used to flood the land adjoining the lake and river but this flood would last only about two weeks. The very first spring after the new dam was completed, the water rose 6 feet higher than it ever had before, and did not flow entirely off for two months!

This caused all the farmers and land owners to get together and attempt to bring court action against the owners of the dam. This resulted in the Wisconsin Railroad commission requiring the owners to take off half a foot from the top of the dam.

Is Dam the Cause?

The dam had been built without gates, so the commission requested them to put in 40 feet of gates, each five feet deep. Unless the coffer dam, which is nearly as high as the dam itself, was removed, the owners would be required to keep all the gates wide open from February 15 to June 15 of every year. So since that first spring the water has not risen quite so high, although much higher than formerly, and usually for a period of two months.

The original charter for Indian Ford dam (about 1850) states that it must not raise the water more than six feet above its original level, but further must not be allowed to flood any of the property bordering on the lake or river. Although perfectly evident to all the local people it is difficult to definitely prove in court that the dam is the actual cause of all the flood damage in the spring and even in midsummer after a heavy rain. The Wisconsin Railroad commission decision requires the gates to be opened wide when the gauge shows 12 feet and 1 inch of water at the dam. When the writer visited the dam, the gauge read 11 feet and 10 inches, only 3 inches below the maximum allowed, and this is an unusually dry summer, too.

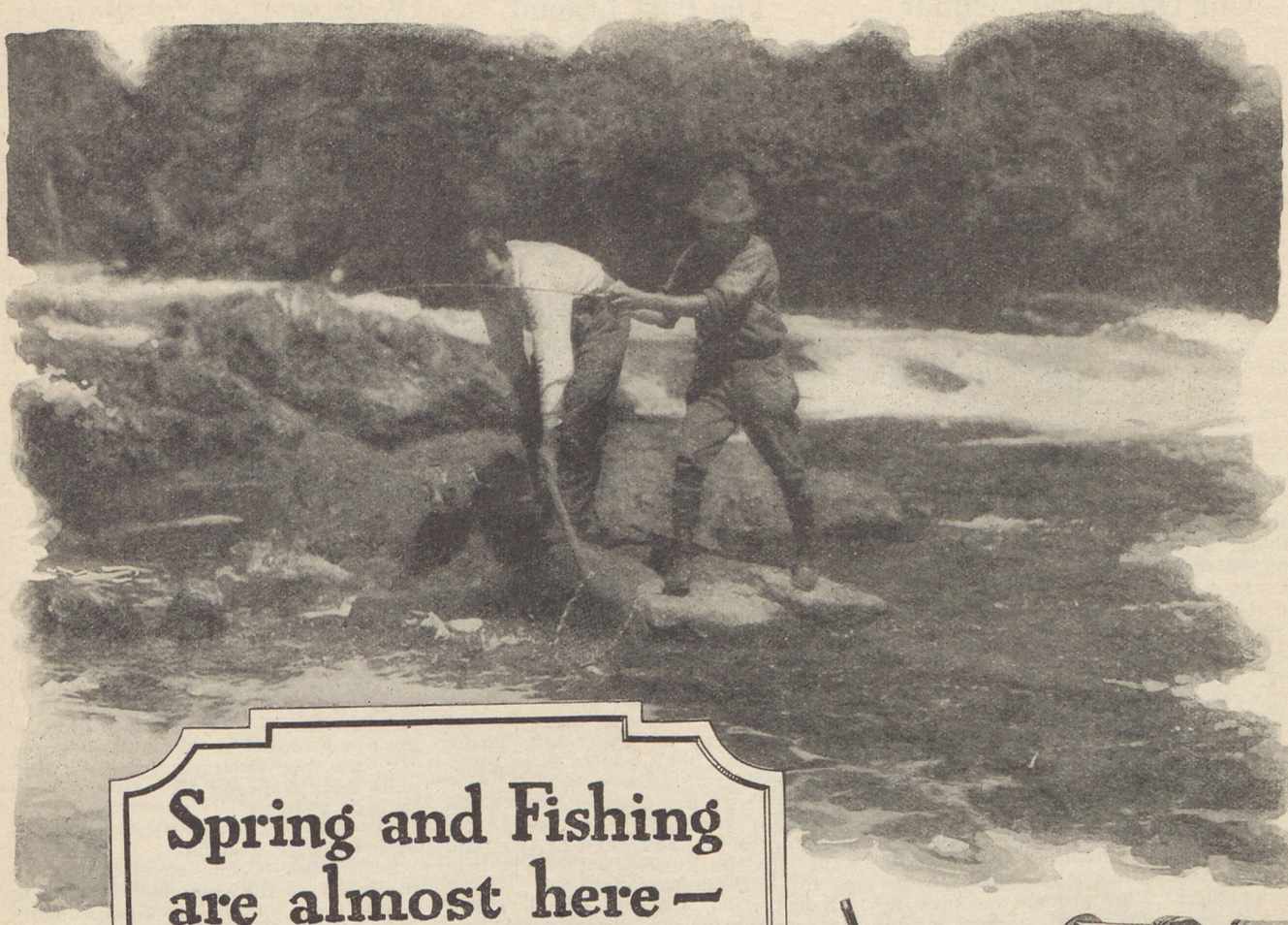
The territory in the vicinity of Lake Koshkonong is so flat that Rock river has only a 24-inch drop in 50 miles, an average of but half an inch per mile. This means that if the dam was raised two feet, the water would back up for 50 miles along Rock river. According to all evidence and reports, the new dam, while legally the same height as the original one, was actually raised quite a bit above the height allowed them by law. Apparently the old bench marks were destroyed or covered over, so it is difficult to definitely prove by measurement that the dam is higher than permitted.

163 Acres Lost by Hummel

Every spring now, the flood water does a great deal of damage. The stores and factories along the river in Fort Atkinson have to remove their stock from the cellars. The farm lands for 20 miles up Rock river are so flooded that much of it is made worthless even for pasture. Albert Hummel, whose grandfather bought 213 acres from the government in 1843, now has left only 50 acres that he can be sure of being able to use for anything at all. In dry summers, he can use some of the remaining land for pasturage, but not so in wet seasons. Edward Bingham, who lives on Bingham's Point, claims that he alone has lost $15,000 worth of land, most of which has simply been completely washed away by the high water in the lake. The writer has personally noticed the strong wave action against the flooded shores, and in several places around the lake, the soil has been all washed away from the roots of trees, which have then died and been blown down by the wind. This is especially noticeable on the wooded points at the

(Continued on page 384)

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.



Spring and Fishing are almost here—

ABOUT this time every year the old world looks awfully musty to most of us—nothing but bad weather and cold nights. What we wouldn't give for a whiff of green things growing, a running brook—and some fishing gear.

But spring will soon be here and with it fishing. So this is the time to get ready. Decide now what you need for the first day of the season.

Bristol Steel Fishing Rods, Meek and Blue Grass Reels and Kingfisher Silk Fishing Lines are three of a kind. They are made for men who love fishing and want only the best. They are all fully guaranteed.

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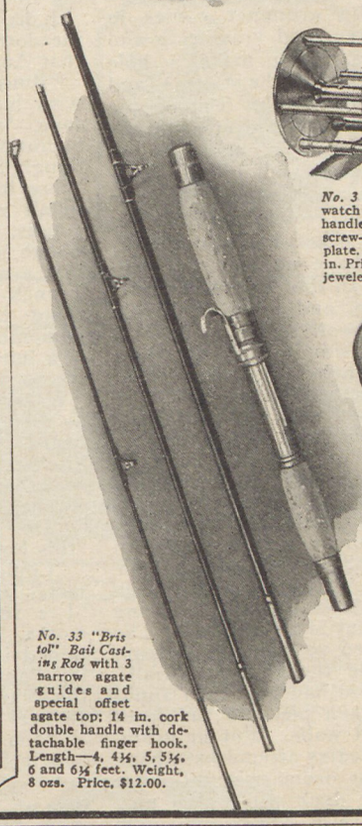
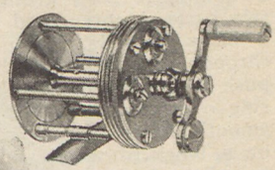


No. 33 "Bristol" Bait Casting Rod with 3 narrow agate guides and special offset agate top; 14 in. cork double handle with detachable finger hook. Length—4, 4½, 5, 5½, 6 and 6½ feet. Weight, 8 ozs. Price, $12.00.



No. 3 "Meek" Reel is made of watch nickel silver, balance handle forward, click and drag, screw-off oil caps. Diameter end plate, 2 in.; length of spool, 1 1-2 in. Price, plain bearings, $30.00; jeweled bearings, $36.00.

"Kingfisher" Black Wonder Line is extra hard braided, thoroughly saturated with soft waterproof dressing. Fifty yds. to spool, 2 connected, 100 yards to box. Price per 100 yds., 15 lb. test, $3.50; 18 lb. test, $4.00; 26 lb., $5.00; 30 lb., $6.25

MEEK and Blue Grass REELS
"Bristol"
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Steel Fishing Rods
Kingfisher Silk Fishing Lines

Our Outdoor Calendar

(Continued from page 363)

again with the double needle stitch. This hand sewing awl lends itself to a lot of other work; sewing on pack straps, making tump-strap carriers, leather pack harness, wading sandals and rod rests, revolver holsters, knife and axe sheaths, buckle tabs and the like. I gave dimensions and patterns for making all these in that leather working chapter.

Your canvas will probably come next in the general February overhauling. There is an awful lot of it, and all more or less frayed and abused. Your ordinary home sewing machine is really wonderful in the way it can work canvas; anything except stout leather. It can sew anything it will drive its needle through—three or four thicknesses of eight ounce duck. All it needs by way of special equipment is the stoutest needle it will take, and a strong thread, about 20 cotton. With that, go at the ripped seams and put on the patches. Tents generally need both by the end of the season. Also they need new peg tapes, have torn-out eyelet holes, and perhaps want that sewed-in mosquito bar front that you have been vowing to have after the last session with the punkies and black flies.

In spite of the pother about sewn eyelet holes I still use ordinary brass grommets, three-eighth inch size, forty cents a gross box. They can be put in neatly with a two-dollar grommet set, but I have also put in hundreds of them with no other tools than a steel nail-set and a hammer. The grommet comes in two parts, a corrugated brass ring and a brass thimble. You make a hole through the hem of the canvas and push through the thimble. Put on the ring over it and burr it over with the smooth barrel of your nail-set. Lay on a block of wood and finish with a tap of the hammer. It will hold all the strain any one part of a tent and one eyelet should be asked to.

Perhaps you have no tent and cannot afford one. In that case I certainly **should** have one, and make it myself. A five-by-seven wall tent for two is a nice thing and simply requires three strips of thirty inch canvas four yards long sewed together on the machine. That will give you four and a half feet slant to the roof, and the eaves are made by gathering an inch across the goods and running two seams close together along them. Put in grommets here, at the seam ends, for guy ropes. You have left about sixteen inches of wall after turning in the bottom hem. For ends, three yards of goods, each cut on a slant above the wall to bring the tent out about six feet high. The back end is sewed up the middle seam and sewed inside the roof and walls. The front end you had best hem amidships and sew each piece to the front edge of roof and walls. Put in grommets at ends of seams around base hem.

Such a tent in ordinary eight-ounce department store duck will weigh nine pounds. I generally waterproof them by the lime-alum process; ten quarts of water to ten ounces of quick-lime and four ounces of alum. Slack this mixture, let stand twelve hours, pour off clear liquor, and immerse the tent thoroughly in it until every bit of it is soaking wet. Then hang up to dry. It will turn the heaviest thundershower.

The Lost Legend

(Continued from page 379)

a load of split peas. The Ox broke through the ice and dumped all the peas in the pond. Now most cooks would have just not had split pea soup for supper, but not Big Joe. He just built a roarin' big fire under the pond and made split pea soup o' the whole thing. Twice a week he used to march the crew over there, with their peavies (to fish out the peas with) for a good soup dinner.

"It was Big Joe who had the dinner horn made—in fact, he invented it. But in order to be heard by the whole crew, it was so big that every time it was blown by the Little Chore Boy ten acres of pine were destroyed, so the horn had to be done away with. It was shipped east, and, being made of copper, was cut up into squares and used on the roof of a great railroad depot; and I once met a great traveller who told me of having seen the depot with the copper roof, thus proving the story about the big dinner horn."

Chunk stopped, and heaved a long sigh. He spat at a chip that lay on the ground in the light that came through the doorway. He hit the chip squarely, whereupon he nudged Angus, to call his attention to it, as though the two of them had resolved to have a contest to see who should make the greatest number of direct hits during the year, and Chunk wanted to be given due credit for this one.

"Guess we'd better be looking to the sourdough for the pancakes in the morning," said Angus, and he rose and went into the kitchen without bothering to see if Chunk followed.

I had risen, too, but Chunk pulled me down again, and when he was sure that Angus was beyond earshot he said:

"Bunyan used to have lots of trouble with his cooks," he confided in a low tone, "and during the North Dakota operations he hired one known as Sourdough Sam, who used to make everything but coffee out of sourdough. I didn't want to mention it in front of Angus, he being touchy about his sourdough, but they had to let him go and hire a new cook. The new cook was a French Canadian who couldn't do a thing but boil. His whole cooking equipment was a big dipper. His idea of a lunch box was a rope that he could freeze soup to, like a candle."

Whereupon, nudging me in the ribs as a signal to not mention what I had heard, Chunk led the way into the kitchen. Angus was busy, and I could see the perspiration in beads on his forehead.

"Do you know, Chunk," he said, "this hot weather cooking is no joke—"

"Could be worse," said Chunk. "In fact," he continued, stroking his chin, "I've seen it worse. Cold weather is worse. Now I may not have mentioned it to you, Angus, but I worked for Paul Bunyan once myself. It was the year of the Big Frost, when it got so cold that the coffee used to freeze as soon as you'd take it off the stove, and it froze so quick the ice was still hot."

Paul Bunyan Loses His Reputation, and John Rogers Is Disappointed, but Gets a Job With the Cruisers.

The cruisers were a jolly lot, and when I entered the bunk house and explained to them that I had expected to find a crew operating here they were sorry for me, I had walked so far; and when I asked them if they needed a chore boy they heartily agreed that they did, and so I was hired on the spot.

I went to a bunk and spread out my blankets; but, tired as I was, I did not go to sleep for some time, for I knew that Paul Bunyan was a person who had never existed, but was just a name around which the lumberjacks wove extraordinary tales. I knew that my quest was over, and that it had been in vain, and that here I was, way up in this farthest wilderness, and would have been better off back at the old camp.

But later I did congratulate myself on staying, for that winter I found Paul Bunyan, and though I might have done it also back at the old camp, the fact remains that I found him here, in this very camp where I now lay down in my bunk and was almost in tears because I had walked so far, up the long trail, and had tried so hard, and had been fooled. (To be continued in March)

When Live Bait Fishing Was an Art

(Continued from page 357)

and murmurs: "It's mighty lucky Hiram fastened that heavy stagging line to his old pole, and now if the hook holds we will soon have you, Mr. Cat."

Carefully he leads the tiring but still powerful fish to a closeby eddy, and by adroit handling he manages to cause the fish to circle in the swirling water. Gradually the circles narrow and after some minutes he for the first time sees the fish plainly.

"A yellow cat—and forty pounds if an ounce," he exclaims.

By constantly nursing the fish and keeping it in the eddy he finally, with infinite care, leads it a thoroughly whipped fish into shallow water and onto a nearby sandbar.

Standing there on the sandbar he looks every inch a man and suggests the soldier. This was amply proved a few years later on many a fiercely contested field. For four years he commanded one of the crack regiments Kentucky sent forth to battle for Dixieland. I need not tell you faithful old Hiram was there too. Perhaps you would like to know that after Lee surrendered at Appomattox, master and man rode back to Kentucky together and fished the old river to the end of their days.

We must return, however, to Hiram wading the river to the sandbar.

"Bless mah soul," he gasps; "he's mos' as big as a hoss, and dat's de bigges' cat I ever ketch in mah bohn days. Dat ole Hannah jes' natchally keel ovah when she sees dis monst'us cat. Every niggah on de ole plantation goin' have a mess o' my cat. I guess dey tink Hiram some fisherman—I guess dey will."

The homeward drive in the cool of the evening along the old river road was sweet with the odor of the forest and laden with the go-to-sleep song of birds. In the glades bitterns could be heard, and where the shadows were deepest the doves were crooning in mourning tones. A radiant cock cardinal, perched on a grey moss-covered beech log, seemed aflame with an impassioned sense of new fatherhood. With head held high he poured forth a pulsing lullaby of happiness.

Williamson's eyes filled dreamily as he drank in the crystal notes of the song of the cardinal.

"Mastah, jes' heah dat dar red bird singin' 'Happy-Happy-Happy' jes' lak you an' old Hiram am a feelin'."

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

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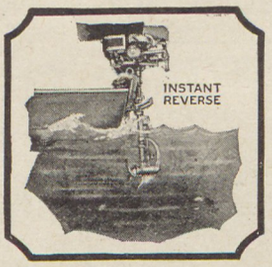
Also that it is absolutely dependable—the easiest to start—easiest to handle—the most simple and durable—that it is applicable to every type of small boat or canoe.

If you or any other outdoor enthusiast were to list the qualities you required in an Outboard Motor, you could hardly ask for any feature not already given you in the JOHNSON.

And remember that the performance of the JOHNSON is made possible by basic principles of construction fully covered by patents and therefore exclusively JOHNSON.



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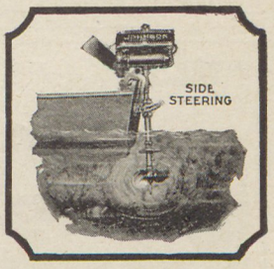

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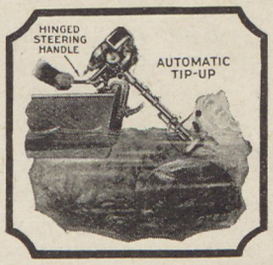

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AIREDALES THAT ARE AIREDALES I BREED THE REAL STUFF
DR. KNOX, BOX 50, DANBURY, CONN.

Lake Koshkonong

(Continued from page 380)

mouths of Rock river and Koshkonong creek, both of which are now nothing but wasted swamp.

A. B. Stout, in a report entitled, "More About Canvas Back," states that the propagating buds of Potamogeton pectinatus, the principal food of canvas backs, are produced only when the plant has been injured, which was formerly caused by the lowering of the water in the lake. This would make the long plants lie flat upon the surface of the water where they were easily injured by the wind and water action, sufficiently to produce those buds. Since the water has been kept at the maximum depth all summer long, the plant has not produced those buds and has now completely disappeared except in a very few spots in the marshes.

Remnants of What Were

Mud Lake, a part of Hubbard's Bay marsh, is practically the only place around here which furnishes conditions such as used to exist throughout Lake Koshkonong. Ducks, rails, herons, and bitterns are quite numerous in Mud Lake, the writer having seen there several great blue herons, green herons, least bitterns, Carolina rails, Florida gallinules, American coots and Virginia rails, as well as a number of ducks.

Red-winged blackbirds and bank swallows are very abundant around the lake. Not a single plant of Vallisneria spiralis could be found, although formerly it grew in bunches so thick that it was impossible to row through it.

Most of the marshes extend back for a quarter or a half of a mile, but are so mucky and so densely covered with tall vegetation that in most cases a shore-line survey was all that could be obtained. However, it is quite evident, from what few opportunities there were to survey farther back, that the vegetation in each marsh is practically identical with that of the shore line of that marsh, and for the most part river bulrush (scirpus fluviatilis) and reed (Phragmites communis).

Some More Recommendations

A lowering of the water level in the lake would most certainly prevent further destruction of land and would aid in bringing back the vegetation out farther in the lake. This could of course be accomplished by opening the gates in the dam, but would be greatly helped by tearing out the coffer dam which extends across the whole length of the gates, this blocking the free flow of water. When the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad built its bridge across the river about a mile above the dam, carloads of stones were dumped into the river at that point to help support and protect the bridge. This has also blocked up the water flow to quite an extent. Perhaps the best remedy of all to prevent destructive high water is to lower the top of the dam. That, together perhaps with increasing the number of gates, would do a great deal towards letting the flood waters off quickly enough to prevent prolonged damage to adjacent property.

To sum it all up, the factors which seem to have been the cause of the decided change in Lake Koshkonong are the carp and high water. Elimination of these factors may bring the lake back to its original importance for hunting and fishing.

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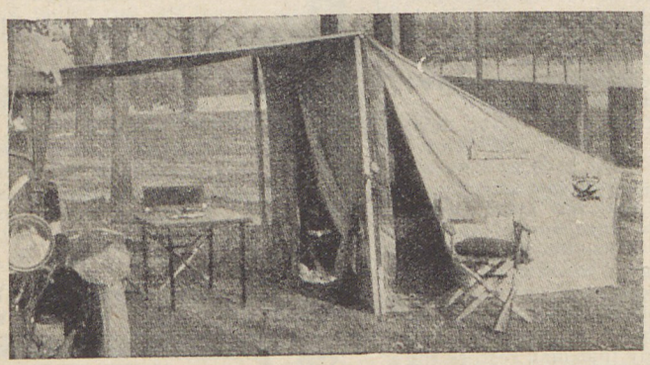
"The Dickey Sta-Lok" makes it drum tight in a few seconds

You have no idea of how much greater is the convenience and comfort of the "Dickeybird-Kamper," with the objectionable center pole absent, until you step inside. Photo above shows interior; note simplicity of Dickey Sta-Lok and screw shaft arrangement. Photo at right shows exterior with tent ready for occupancy. Any woman can erect this tent with ease.

The "Dickeybird Tent"



The "Dickeybird Tent" has become famous in tents, demanded by campers everywhere. A ruling favorite last year among those who demanded fine workmanship, materials and conveniences; going strong in 1924! Sturdily built with sewed-in floors, two doors and two windows. Size is ideal, 7 x 7 ft., with awning extension 7 sq. ft. Snakes and insects can't enter; storms don't bother it. Write for catalog just off press.

The Umbrella - Type Tent That HAS NO CENTER POLE!

For the first time in history an umbrella-type tent WITHOUT a center pole is offered outdoor America, and already we have been flooded with inquiries from practically every state in the Union. Campers call the "Dickeybird-Kamper" the sensation of 1924, welcome it as the most efficient tent on the market and indicate complete approval by placing their order. The "Dickeybird-Kamper" takes the cramp out of camping, puts new delight in touring and adds zest to the joy of outdoor adventure.

The best for your money in 1924!

The "Dickeybird-Kamper" is a square tent, in two sizes, 7 x 7 ft., and 9½ x 9½ ft., of heavy green waterproof canvas, carried on the running board or bumper of auto. Erects in 11 minutes to drum-like rigidity, by (patent pending) Dickey Sta-Lok and screw shaft arrangement, withstanding all storms. Corners of tent have ⅞-inch jointed steel tubing connected by four stay rods to tent head in center of top which is operated by the screw shaft. All wearable parts of bronze. Has sewed-in floors extending up 3 inches in door opening, and bobinette door. The tent that will send new thousands into outdoor America —the only tent of its kind on the market.

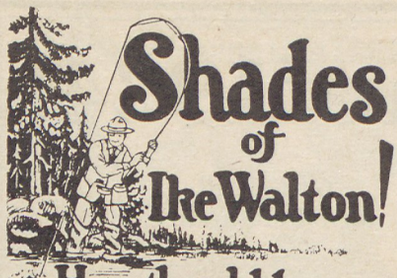
Write now for our new catalog containing full description with illustrations, prices, etc. Get all the facts — then send your order.

All Orders Filled as Received!

The Dickey Manufacturing Co.

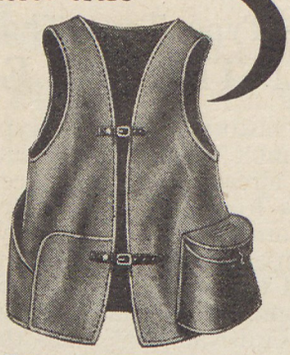
Exclusive Manufacturers "Dickeybird" Products

331 Tenth St. Toledo, Ohio



Shades of Ike Walton!

How the old boy would have prized a casting vest like this



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A creel and vest in one

A practical fisherman's garment with a collapsible creel, flybook pocket, and large bellows-side lunch pocket, built into it. The Creel-Pak fits your body like a vest; it is tailored in two weights of Olive Drab, Extra Quality Army Duck, 8 oz. and 12 oz. Made in a variety of sizes:

Small.....(For Boys) Large (Coat 35-40)
Medium.. (Coat 32-36) Ex. Large (Coat 42-46)

The creel is lined with rubberized cloth next to body, with an extra heavy ventilated bottom. Two russet leather straps hold garment in position, the lower strap being long enough to carry a Bait Box.

When ordering be sure to state size.

CREEL-PAK { Light Weight.....$4.75 / Heavy Weight..... 5.25

Send check or Money Order. Your **Creel-Pak** will be shipped by Parcel Post, insured.

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High-Grade Split Bamboo
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Made at the Rod Shop of
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Manufacturers of the Fishing Rod of Quality

FREE TO ANGLERS

A 400 page Anglers Guide, containing plates of Flies in correct colours—a veritable luxury for the angler to revel in.

HARDY BROS., ALNWICK, ENG.
Britain's Premier Fishing Rods, etc., Makers
London: 61 Pall Mall, S. W.

The Desecration of Horicon Lake

(Continued from page 559)

Wherefore the members of the Izaak Walton League of America, as well as the people generally of the state of Wisconsin and other states, propose that Congress shall enact this bill into law, and, when it has become law, that the department of agriculture proceed with all due dispatch to acquire the marsh, with a view to building the needed dam and restoring a lake that will extend its benefits to millions.

The Horicon Marsh Game Protective Association affiliated with the Izaak Walton League of America, was organized to foster the reclaiming of Horicon Lake and is confident that any qualified student of wild life will agree that the restored lake also will mean restored wild life; that the lake is in the line of flight of migrating water fowl, both northward and southward; that it will naturally take on unusually excellent conditions for wild fowl propagation if only the water is restored to it; and that it will make one of the most ideal and best located wild life refuges that could possibly be selected anywhere in the nation.

To get congressional action the help of every reader of this pamphlet is needed. If the reader is a member of the Congress of these United States, its plea is obvious—it bespeaks his active assistance in Congress, to bring about federal acquisition of this great spread of one-time loveliness.

If the reader is a resident of Wisconsin, we bespeak of him active support, evidenced by a letter to his Congressman or Senator, urging federal action.

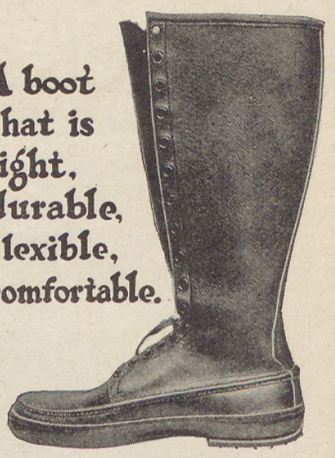
If the reader is a member of any organization that can be helpful, we bespeak of him such help, through his organization. Associations, clubs and other affiliations in Wisconsin can do much by making known their wants and demanding action by congress in this matter.

There is nothing in the way of Horicon lake restoration if only enough people want it. The lake is not a Wisconsin lake alone—it is an Illinois lake, an Indiana lake, a Missouri lake, even a New York state lake—for it demonstrated, many years ago, that its wilderness call is heard in far-off cities and villages. It numbers among its friends sportsmen, hunters and out-door lovers from New York, St. Louis, Chicago, Milwaukee, Cleveland and any number of other cities that might be listed.

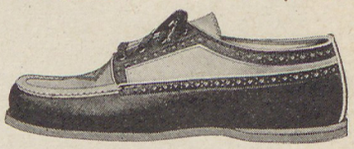
The old lake calls now on this host of friends—calls on them for release from suffocating weed beds and untold Canada thistles, a vampire stream, a drainage scheme that has seared away the beauty nature once spread out for all. It asks but little—for the old lake is there, ready again to offer its loveliness and fragrance, its golden sunset and shimmering, moonlit nights; its thrill of wild life, and its reedy, wave-washed banks. It asks only that man restore the water he has drained away. The Horicon Marsh Game Protective Association and the Izaak Walton League of America turn to you, pleading for this restoration—that the old Horicon lake may again give its perpetual meed of pleasure and happiness to the millions that will come to partake of it.

RUSSELL'S "Ike Walton"

A boot that is light, durable, flexible, comfortable.



Four layers of leather between your foot and ground in this boot. Made to measure out of imported waterproofed Paris veals. Never-rip'reamr.



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Has extra looks-
Gives extra service.

Ask your dealer first, if he hasn't Russell's—ask us.

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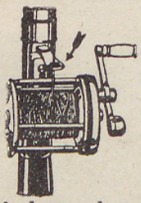
W. C. RUSSELL MOCCASIN Co
924 CAPRON ST. **Berlin, Wis.**

Fishermen, Prevent Back Lash Snarls

By Attaching a



Gem Self-Winder

to your reel. It automatically winds and spools your line WITHOUT THUMBING or FINGERING, and you positively cannot get a back lash snarl. Can be attached to any reel or rod. No more sore thumbs.

Sold by leading Sporting Goods Dealers, or sent direct on receipt of price, $2.00.

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32 page book—how to keep your dog well—how to care for him when sick. Result of 36 years' experience with every known dog disease. Mailed FREE. Write today. Dept.—1332

H. CLAY GLOVER, V. S.
129 West 24th St. New York

We Go a-Fishing

(Continued from page 345)

possibly a new idea of possible freedom, made him turn in a huge circle. This was the beginning of the end, and eventually he came to the landing net, a nice twenty-inch bass, and a typical big bass as far as our mountain river was concerned.

Not another fish could we lure to the creel leaning against the center thwart of the canoe, so we drove through the rapids to come to anchor in a tiny bit of deep water. A feather minnow across the pool brought four nice fish to creel, but with the twilight rapidly changing to darkness, we couldn't linger. We had enough bass to satisfy our needs, we had fought smaller ones until we were wrist weary, and were hungry enough to tackle even our greatest aversion, canned "goldfish." Not that we expected to be presented with the canned stuff for supper, for we knew there was none at the cabin, but we were mighty hungry.

Why our B in L was so obliging we couldn't understand. Without a protest he unloaded the canoe and helped rack it, a surprising performance considering his previous record. The creel load of nice bass were duly admired by him, for we have mentioned his fervid desire to catch at least one bass before the end of the summer. All unsuspectingly we dragged weary bones, tired with poling, casting, and the strain of the steering paddle, to the supper table. The B in L left the table, to act as a special waiter we assumed. And then, without a word he returned with a fish, a bass that stretched an impossible length over the cabin floor. It was the fish of our dreams, taken by a rank tyro in fished out waters, and from waters not a hundred feet from the bungalow. Imagine our feelings—words fail us even now as we think of it—for if there ever was a tragic fishing moment, here it was.

MR. WILL H. DILG,
Pres. Izaak Walton League,

My dear William: I have a good story to tell you.

A few weeks ago one of our local members was approached on the street by an old time fishing friend who was not a member of our chapter, who thus spoke: "Say, you Ike Walton fellers think you are damned smart, don't you? —I was fishin' along the creek yesterday, as I always have, and a farmer came up and wanted to see my card, so I pulled out my license and showed it to him and he said, 'I want to see your membership card in the Izaak Walton League. If you haven't got one, then get to hell off my land.'"

Verily I say unto you, Bill, she's agrowing and don't you forget it.

O. H. Smith, Sycamore, Ill.

LOU EPPINGER'S LATEST PRODUCTION
-NOTANGLE SPINNERS

The Spinner that Anglers have long been looking for.

Notangle means to Fishermen just what the name implies—No Tangles.

Here's what the Bell and the Hump does:

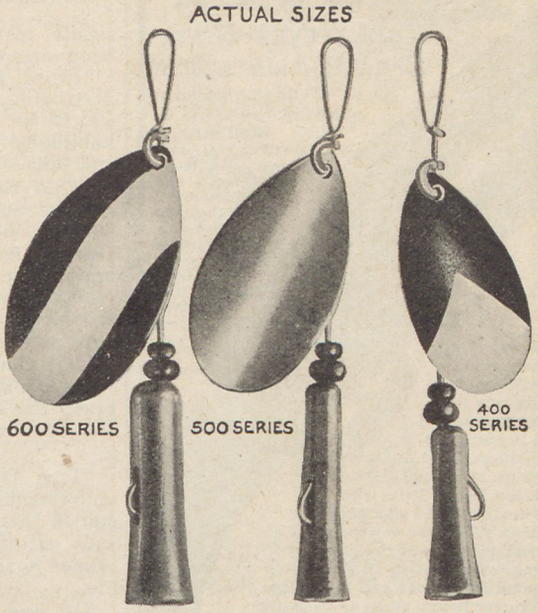
The Hook of Fly cannot become enmeshed with the Spinner.

The Bell, acting as a weight, is set forward and holds the Fly or Hook straight ahead.

The Hump holds the Bell securely, so that it cannot open accidentally. Yet by merely pressing the hump with the thumb, the Bell slides back easily, allowing for instant changing of hooks or Flies.

Notangle Spinners are made in three sizes and weights. The No. 400 series are intended for Fly and Bait Rods and trolling. The No. 500 series are intended for light Casting outfits and trolling. The No. 600 series are intended for all kinds of casting outfits, including Steel and Bamboo Casting Rods also for deep trolling. Price 50c each, at all dealers.

Write for Four-Color Catalog and send Your Dealer's Name.



Osprey Waterproofed Silk Line Send for Free Sample

Here is probably the most durable line on the market. Extra close weave and absolutely even texture. Resists the action of salt or fresh water. Some fishermen have used the same Osprey Silk Line for Four seasons—and say it is good for more (but just between us, we think they ought to get a new one by now).

Stocked by alert dealers everywhere. Write us direct for free sample and prices. Give your dealer's name, too—we'll appreciate it.

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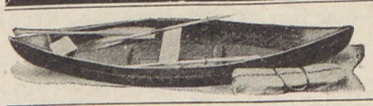

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Light, easy to handle, no leaks or repairs; check as baggage; carry by hand; safe for family; all sizes; non-sinkable; stronger than wood; used by U. S. and Foreign Governments. Awarded First Prize at Chicago and St. Louis World's Fairs. We fit our boats for Outboard Motors. Catalogue.
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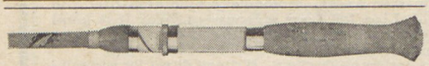
NEW LEFEVER NITRO-SPECIAL ONLY $29.00

O. K.'ed and purchased in quantities by the U. S. Navy. Well finished, considering the price. Built to shoot right and stand as much use as the most expensive gun. Most durable lock ever put in a gun—first lock fired over 77,000 times.

Every gun proof-tested with an extreme load. A standardized gun built only in 20-ga. 28 in., 16-ga. 28 in., and 12-ga. 28 and 30 in. with 14 in. stock and about 2⅞ in. drop. A Lefever won the world's championship at the Olympic games in London. Lefever has stood for service and durability for over 50 yrs. *Write for Catalogue*

Lefever Arms Co., Ithaca, N. Y.



New Model Heddon Rods

Picture shows the butt of new model No. 25 Expert Split Bamboo Casting Rod. Notice the Pyralin Reel seat with "hold-tight" locking band. The No. 15 Premier has black fibre reel seat. Both come in our new brown toned bamboo finish.

A complete Heddon Outfit insures maximum pleasure from each fishing trip, to say nothing of great water coverage and more sure strikes.

There's a laugh and a lesson in our little booklets on the "Evolution of the Heddon Rod" and "Why I Paid $35.00 for My Reel". We shall be glad to send them to you.

JAMES HEDDON'S SONS
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WM. CROFT & SONS, LTD., TORONTO
Exclusive Canadian Representatives

Heddon Fishing Tackle
Heddon Made — Well Made

DUCKS

Where Are They Going?

Drainage, pollution and civilization are driving them from their former haunts. Create new feeding grounds or restore the old by planting

Terrell's Wild Rice Seed

Their favorite food, soon as ice leaves and have a brand new duck marsh by next fall. Write for price list—Expert advice and helpful literature, to

TERRELL'S AQUATIC FARM
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Wild Rice for Wild Ducks

Sportsmen, improve your shooting ground by planting Wild Rice. It will bring 'em in, and hold 'em. Order seed now for spring planting. Write for literature.

Parched Wild Rice

A table delicacy. Appetizing. Healthful. Neatly packed in Sealright cartons, recipes on label. Two pounds $1.50; one pound 80c; half pound 45c, postage prepaid. Orders promptly filled.

Geo. D. Hamilton, Detroit, Minnesota

What Do You Owe Outdoor America?

(Continued from page 363)

sically, mentally and spiritually devitalizing atmosphere.

"From this nerve-wracking, health-destroying, brain-deadening struggle which we call our civilization **we go habitually for healing to our woods and hills.**

"That the welfare of our country is in the conservation of our forests and streams, no sane person can question. **Destroy America's out-of-doors and our nation can not endure.**

"Everywhere we see evidenced the sad fact that men who would give their lives for their country in time of war will, in time of peace, rob their country of its noblest treasures. **Our need is to grasp the larger truth—that to live for one's country is greater than to die for it.**

"This larger patriotism has a new understanding of citizenship. It **understands** that these crimes against America's out-of-doors are nothing less than crimes against our nation's welfare and life.

"It has a new conception of our national wealth. It says: 'One who wilfully and against the laws of the land pollutes a stream or burns a forest is a traitor to his country.'

"It has a clearer vision of our country that is to be. And because this larger patriotism sees the physical welfare of America's manhood and womanhood **dependent upon the re-creating strength of the out-of-doors, it is defending our forests and streams.** Because it sees the mental strength and cleanliness of our American youth dependent upon the atmosphere of those places where God speaks in mountain and tree and spring and flower it is protecting and saving, for the nation's children, **this national heritage.**

"This larger patriotism is saying in no uncertain terms to every enemy of America's out-of-doors: 'You shall not strip our country of her native beauties and leave her naked and ashamed before the nations of the earth. You shall not rape our woodlands, lakes and streams to satisfy the lust of your private greed. You shall not nail to the cross of your damned commercialism **the bright spirit that lives in those places where the winds are untainted and the skies are clean.**' "

Now, my brother, there you have our case exactly. I doubt if it is possible to express the soul and spirit of the Izaak Walton League in stronger words. I hope if there is an Izaak Walton Chapter in your home town and you not a member, **that you will immediately join** it and if we have none there that you **will rally** "the boys" **and start one.** If you are not a subscriber to the League's magazine then **subscribe NOW.** And if you are a subscriber go out and do some brother sportsman **a favor by getting him to subscribe.** Please always bear in mind that neither the League nor its magazine has stockholders who are interested in profits. None of the elective officers of this League receive pay for their services and this applies as well to the editor. All of us are solely moved by the patriotic desire to be of service to our country and to our countrymen.

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Designed and Built by Ole Evinrude

Weighs Less Than 17 lbs. per H.P.

Ole Evinrude builds the lightest 3 H. P. motor made. He could as easily build the lightest 1 H.P. or 2 H. P. motor. But he knows that less than 3 H. P. is not enough for the speed you want or the safety you have a right to expect in rough waters, or with heavy loads. In the Elto Twin you get not only ease in carrying, but one half more power and much more speed.

Instant EASY STARTING

No other outboard motor gives you instant starting every time, and safe rudder steering, leaving both hands free to troll or cast. The Elto is the safe family motor. No danger of sudden capsizing of boat while reversing. Weed-free self-tilting propeller. Trouble proof carburetor. The Elto fits in carrying case without taking apart. Write for free catalog.

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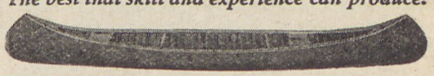
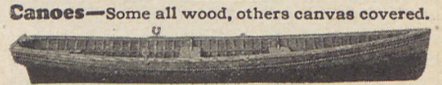
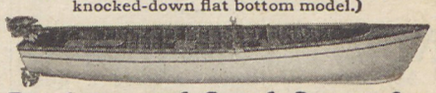
The best that skill and experience can produce.



Canoes—Some all wood, others canvas covered.



Rowboats and Fish Boats — (Including knocked-down flat bottom model.)



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"Beach Model" Special 16-foot Motor Boat.
"V" Bottom Motor Boats — More speed with less power.

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State kind of boat in which interested.
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By WARREN H. MILLER
Former Editor of Field and Stream

NEW! "The Sportsman's Workshop" **$1.25**
How to make tents, pack-sacks, cook-kits, tent stoves, decoys, reloading, rifle and rod fittings, leather working. Silk Cloth binding, $1.75.

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How to raise, train and doctor the three great hunting breeds. Pedigrees, kennel construction, care in puppyhood.

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A strictly modern work. Latest pedigrees, puppies, breeding, training, dog diseases.

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Canoe, sail boat and motor boat designs.

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Cheap yet practical outfits. Camping for boys.

"How to Build a Hunting and Fishing Skiff" ..... **.50**

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"The Medicine Man in the Woods" ..... **.25**

WARREN H. MILLER INTERLAKEN, N. J.

Three Broadbill Swordfish

(Continued from page 334)

It took thirty minutes of this to get the double line over the reel. Then I held to the limit of my strength, and hauled the leader up to Sid's eager hands. The swordfish sheered off to the right (my right) and turning with a slow ponderous plunge he passed the stern. Sid just reached him with the gaff, somewhere above the tail. The hold held, and there was a sounding splash, and then a commotion. But he was not wicked on the gaff, as some are. Sid and Thad held him, and soon had a rope round his tail. I got up and had a look at him. He was beautiful—purple, bronze, silver, and a perfectly shaped swordfish. R. C. let out a whoop, which was a signal for all of us to whoop. All the rest of the long ride back, and the entrance to Avalon Bay, the blowing of the whistle, the huge crowd coming from everywhere, and lastly the weighing of the fish,—these were matters of joy that only a swordfish angler can appreciate.

This swordfish must have been a very pugnacious and savage fellow, for he had 25 scars on one side, and almost as many on the other. It was amazing to see these signs of his battles. Some were very old and indistinct, some healed over, and some quite recent.

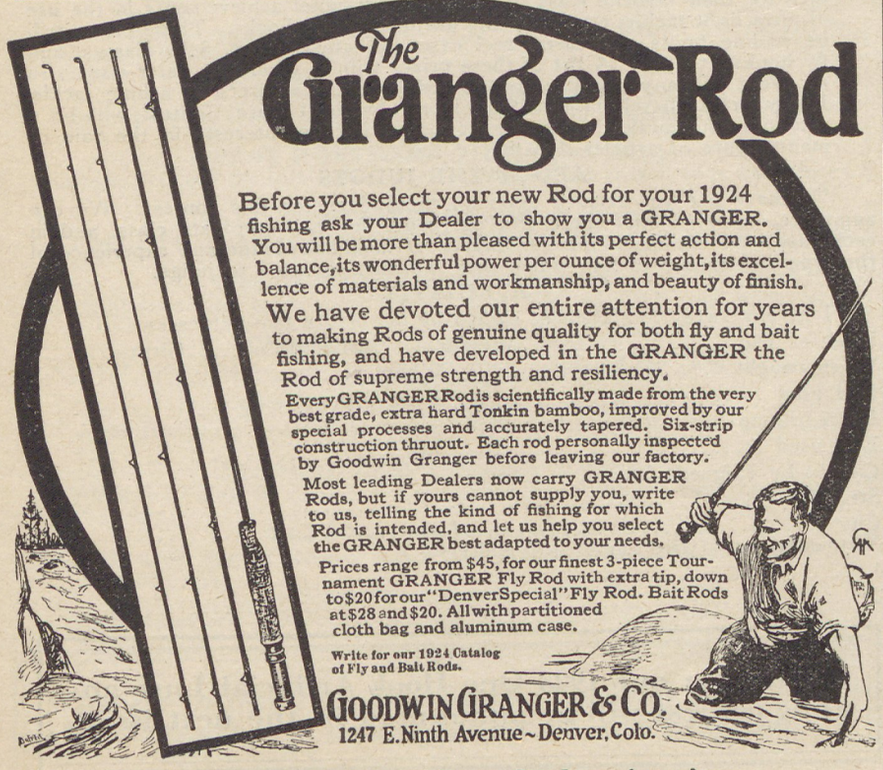
The fish weighed 360 pounds. His length was 11 feet 5 inches, girth 49 inches, bill 3 feet 8¾ inches and his tail 3 feet 2½ inches.

My boy, Loren, six years old, went with Takahashi up on the mountain with glasses to see if they could find us out on the ocean. They saw us coming with the big red and white flag flying. Loren took off his shoes, so to run better, and he and Takahashi ran all the way down the mountain, through town, out on the dock, so to be there when we got in.

I saw Loren in the front of a gang of wildly excited youngsters. His face was wonderful. Awe, delight, wonder! Then I lost sight of him. When it was all over, and I was walking up the street alone, a cold little hand was slipped into mine. Loren had caught up with me. He was limping and carrying his shoes. He babbled incoherently. Who knows? Maybe this incident made him a great fisherman. He could do worse. He could scarcely walk, so lame was he. "The crowd—walked—on my feet!" he said. Later Takahashi told me about their run down the mountain. And I was vastly proud of my little son.

In the March Issue

The I. W. L. A. will have an article stating why we are opposed to **The Louisiana Gulf Coast Club.** We will support the battle of the National Association of Audubon Societies, to secure funds to buy the thousands of acres located between the Russell Sage and the Rockefeller Foundation Wild Game Preserves.



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Prices range from $45, for our finest 3-piece Tournament GRANGER Fly Rod with extra tip, down to $20 for our "Denver Special" Fly Rod. Bait Rods at $28 and $20. All with partitioned cloth bag and aluminum case.

Write for our 1924 Catalog of Fly and Bait Rods.

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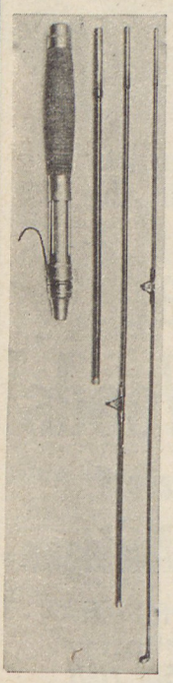
Startling Improvements in Fishing Rods

Long before the Isaac Walton League was a reality the Richardson Rod & Reel Co. was making specially designed steel rods that would easily and accurately cast light baits so that a fisherman might have a really handsome high grade rod of light weight at a moderate price.



It is too long a story to tell of the special steel that is made particularly for us. Of special machines for forming the tubing in our factory, and special furnaces for heat treating, but these things combined with designs perfected by expert fishermen and the facilities of a modern factory employing painstaking and skilled mechanics have resulted in producing rods that are a revelation to the man who has really not given much attention to the developments that have been going on.

Oh boy! What fun it is to pick the spot you want your bait to go and place it there without effort. What satisfaction to know the rod has flexibility enough to play your fish with a light line, and strength enough to stand the extreme bend the big fellow gives it.

Don't judge steel rods by those you knew about years ago. "The world does move" and there is something "new under the sun." The Richardson Rod & Reel Co., with a definite purpose to excel in its field, is producing steel rods that will cast like a tournament rod and yet have the strength and ability to stand up under strain to be found only in special steels.

Write for circulars about our No. 99 for bass, our No. 264 for bass and muskellunge, and our No. 220 for trout. Forty-two models of rods — a suitable assortment of lengths—and prices to fit any purse.

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Booklet on request

THE DRAKE HOTEL COMPANY
Managers **Chicago**

One Hook Artificial Lure Sportsman's Angling Contest

Conducted by the Izaak Walton League of America and the magazine it owns and publishes

GENERAL CONDITIONS

1. Contest open to all fishermen "who feel like gentlemen and act like sportsmen." It is necessary for contestants to belong to the I. W. L. A. or to subscribe for the magazine it owns and publishes.
2. The fish must be caught with an artificial lure containing but one hook and with rod and reel.
3. Fish must be weighed and measured with a tape measure giving girth of fish (length to be taken from end of lower jaw, mouth closed, to tip of tail).
4. Each fish entered must be caught by reputable angler and must be certified to by affidavit of two reputable witnesses, which affidavit must be registered within two weeks from the date of the capture of the fish. (A drawing of the fish by placing it on paper and tracing the outline will be helpful to the judges—photos also will be helpful.)
5. It is not necessary to write a story to be published in this magazine to qualify for this contest. However, such a story will be appreciated and will be printed if well told.
6. Of course, no fish taken from private estate, or State or Federal hatchery will be considered.
7. With two or more fish weighing and measuring exactly the same, identical prizes will be awarded the contestants.
8. Competitors for the barbless medals must use a hook of the needle point type. If it is made by filing the barb from the usual hook of commerce, the point must be smooth enough to pass through a handkerchief without catching when withdrawn.
9. This contest closes December 15th, 1923.

ABOUT THE PRIZES

The first prize in each class enumerated below will (with the exception of the salt water division) be the choice of any bait or fly casting rod made in the United States.

The second prize in each class will be the choice of any reel (fly or bait casting) made in the United States.

The third prize will be a $20.00 camera, choice of manufacturer to be determined by the winner. There will be a first prize of a silver cup for each of the six classes of the sea angling division.

In addition there will be three I. W. L. A. medals for each class especially designed, bearing the name of the winner and the weight of the winning fish. The first prize winner's medal will be of solid gold, the second prize winner's medal of silver, and the third prize winner's medal of bronze. These gold, silver, and bronze prize winning medals will also be given to the winners in each of the six sea angling divisions.

In addition there will be a number of other valuable prizes donated by sportsmen for their favorite class of fish, and for signal achievements in the use of ultra light tackle, especially the use of barbless hooks. These prizes will be wading boots, rod cases, reel cases, sweaters, pipes, field glasses, and fly hooks, etc., etc. A list of these prizes will be given in a later issue. In no event will any prize be contributed by manufacturers of fishing tackle. Every prize offered in this One Hook Artificial Lure Contest will be a personal contribution from the donor having no interests in the sale or manufacture of articles donated.

ABOUT THE JUDGES

We have not yet decided upon all the judges for this contest. We can announce, however, that there will be judges for each separate class, and in each case ones highly competent because of their knowledge and experience of the type and species of fish which they will be appointed to judge.

AFFIDAVIT

I hereby swear to statement signed by me before two witnesses.

Kind of fish.....Weight.....Length.....Girth.....
When caught ..... Where.....
Rod used ..... Reel.....
Describe one hook artificial lure used.....
Line used ..... Lure .....
Caught by (Signed) .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....
Witnessed by: (Give names and addresses.)
1. .....
2. .....

Winners in our 1923 One Hook Artificial Lure angling contest will be announced in the next issue.

List of Classes in Contest

And qualifications for tackle to be used by contestants

BROOKTROUT (Salvelinus fontinalis)
Caught by casting an artificial fly with appropriate fly fishing tackle and one hook lure between the legal opening and closing of the season.

BROWN TROUT (Salmo fario)
Caught by casting an artificial fly with appropriate fly fishing tackle and one hook lure between the legal opening and closing of the season.

STEELHEAD TROUT (Salmo gairdneri)
Caught by casting an artificial fly with appropriate fly fishing tackle and one hook lure between the legal opening and closing of the season.

RAINBOW TROUT (Salmo irideus)
(Eastern Division)
Caught east of the Rocky Mountains between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

RAINBOW TROUT (Salmo irideus)
(Western Division)
Caught west of the Rocky Mountains between the official opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

SMALL MOUTH BLACK BASS (Micropterus dolomieu)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season and caught in or north of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Nevada and California (one hook lure).

LARGE MOUTH BLACK BASS (Micropterus salmoides)
(Northern Division)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season in or north of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, and California (one hook lure).

LARGE MOUTH BLACK BASS (Micropterus salmoides)
(Intermediate Division)
Caught in the States of West Virginia, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, Delaware, Arkansas, Oklahoma, between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

LARGE MOUTH BLACK BASS (Micropterus salmoides)
(Southern Division)
Caught in the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and Louisiana, between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

SPECIAL HAROLD PULSIFER AWARDS FOR BARBLESS FISHERMEN
Special awards of gold medals will be given for the largest fish caught on a barbless fly in all of the above classes.

MUSKALLUNGE (Esox masquinongy)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

GREAT NORTHERN PIKE (Esox estor)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

WALL-EYED PIKE (Stizostedion vitreum)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

BLUEFISH (Pomatomus sattatrix)
Caught according to rules of Asbury Park Fishing Club (one hook lure).

WEAKFISH (Cynoscion regalis)
Caught according to rules of Asbury Park Fishing Club (one hook lure).

STRIPED BASS (Roccus lineatus)
Caught according to rules of Asbury Park Fishing Club (one hook lure).

CHANNEL BASS (Sciaenops ocellatus)
Caught according to rules of Asbury Park Fishing Club (one hook lure).

TARPON (Tarpon atlanticus)
Caught according to rules of Long Key Fishing Club (one hook lure).

TUNA (Thunnus thynnus)
Caught according to rules of Catalina Light Tackle Club (one hook lure).

Winners in our 1923 One Hook Artificial Lure angling contest will be announced in the next issue.

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Where
The Sky is Blue
Air is Pure and
The Climate Salubrious

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"The Sunny South"
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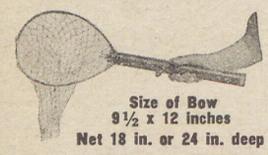
Web's Automatic Landing Net

Weighs 13 oz.; Length 13 in.

Quick as a flash. Press the button—your net is ready. Hangs securely on belt or waders. Money back if not satisfactory. Fully guaranteed.



Size of Bow
9½ x 12 inches
Net 18 in. or 24 in. deep

$7.50 each

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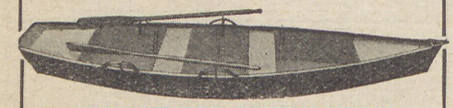

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HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

Bird Lore

(Continued from page 371)

circular and opens toward the southwest, so that no snow ever penetrates its deep recesses, and the low, sloping roof is covered with many layers of boughs, excelsior, cornhusks and leaves. One likes to imagine little huddled groups of birds eagerly feeding within while a driving snowstorm rages without. At this point Mr. Rodock, whose cherished project this station is, directs your attention to a hairy woodpecker, which came with such a casual air that one suspects he is a daily habitué. Alighting on a calf's lung suspended from a branch, he industriously pecks at this choice morsel, which has the merit of never freezing and is furnished without charge by butchers. It is a favorite likewise with nuthatches and chickadees.

Perhaps a cafeteria more nearly describes the feeding station, for quite in frank cafeteria fashion a wide assortment of tempting bird food is displayed, and Mr. and Mrs. Bird have simply to make the rounds and take their choice. Holes have been bored into dead limbs and stuffed with suet; cocoanuts are treated similarly.

Among the many feeding boxes and shelves are some ingenious novelties. A revolving shelf is fastened to a stout post with a pivot. The ends project like wings beyond the shelf. These are caught by the wind and obligingly turned, with the result that the birds are always protected against the wind as they feed. Receptacles of close-meshed wire contain weed seed, which sifts down gradually out of the opening at the bottom and prevents waste. The weed seed is fanned out from clover seed and is supplied free by dealers in grain. It is greatly fancied by cardinals, song and tree sparrows. Cracklings are supplied by country students very readily as they are left over when lard is rendered. The range of winter bird food is very wide. Corn, wheat, oats, bread crumbs, meat scraps, cracked nuts, sunflower seed, wild grapes, rice and thorn apples are favorites of the birds and easy to procure.

The prettiest device is the berry shelf. This also is fastened securely to the top of a post. To little upright sticks are tied bittersweet, black haws and poison ivy. Not only food but warm protection against wind and cold is afforded. On the ground a great brush heap eight feet high and 15 feet in diameter has been piled up by the interested students. It is loosely constructed, and one can imagine that on a tempestuous February day many little bright eyes would peer out from this comfortable retreat at anyone brave enough to have attempted a visit to the station.

In the record book kept at the school are observations of the redbreasted nuthatches, juncos, blue jays, sparrows of many kinds, cardinals, mourning doves, chewinks, cedar waxwings, robins, etc., that have eaten the 800 pounds of food that have been served the birds.

This must be SOME feeding station where every day is Christmas for the birds. No doubt about it, maintaining a place where birds can find a little grub every day during the winter sure is a dandy way to attract 'em around the house and the antics of the winter boarders as they get away with their chow will more than repay you for any trouble you have gone to in erecting some type of a feeding station.

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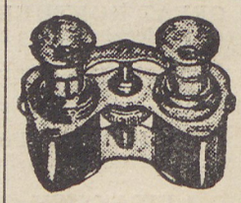

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